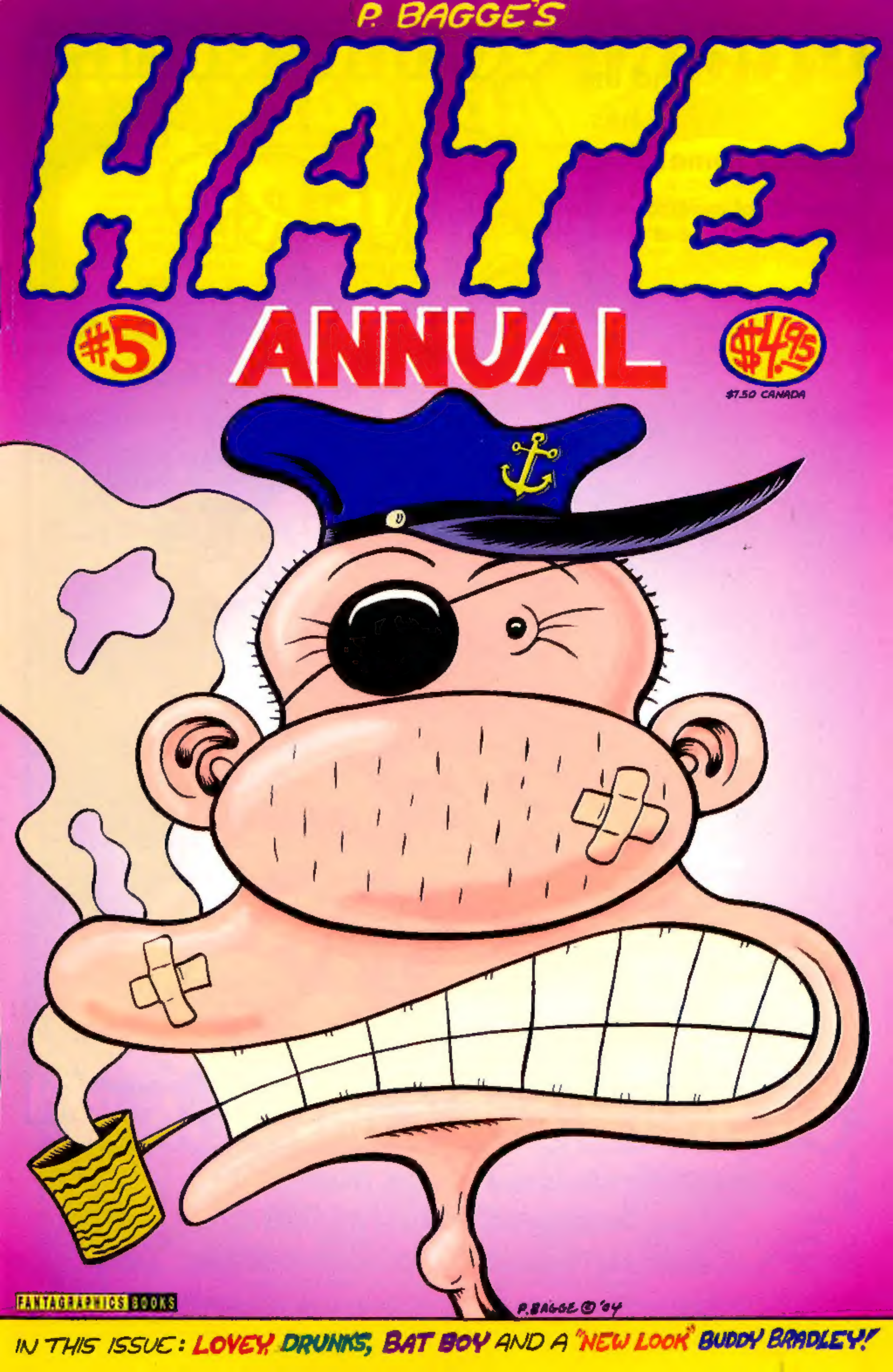
P. BAGGE'S
HATE
#5
ANNUAL
$4.95
$7.50 CANADA
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
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IN THIS ISSUE: LOVEY, DRUNKS, BAT BOY AND A "NEW LOOK" BUDDY BRADLEY!

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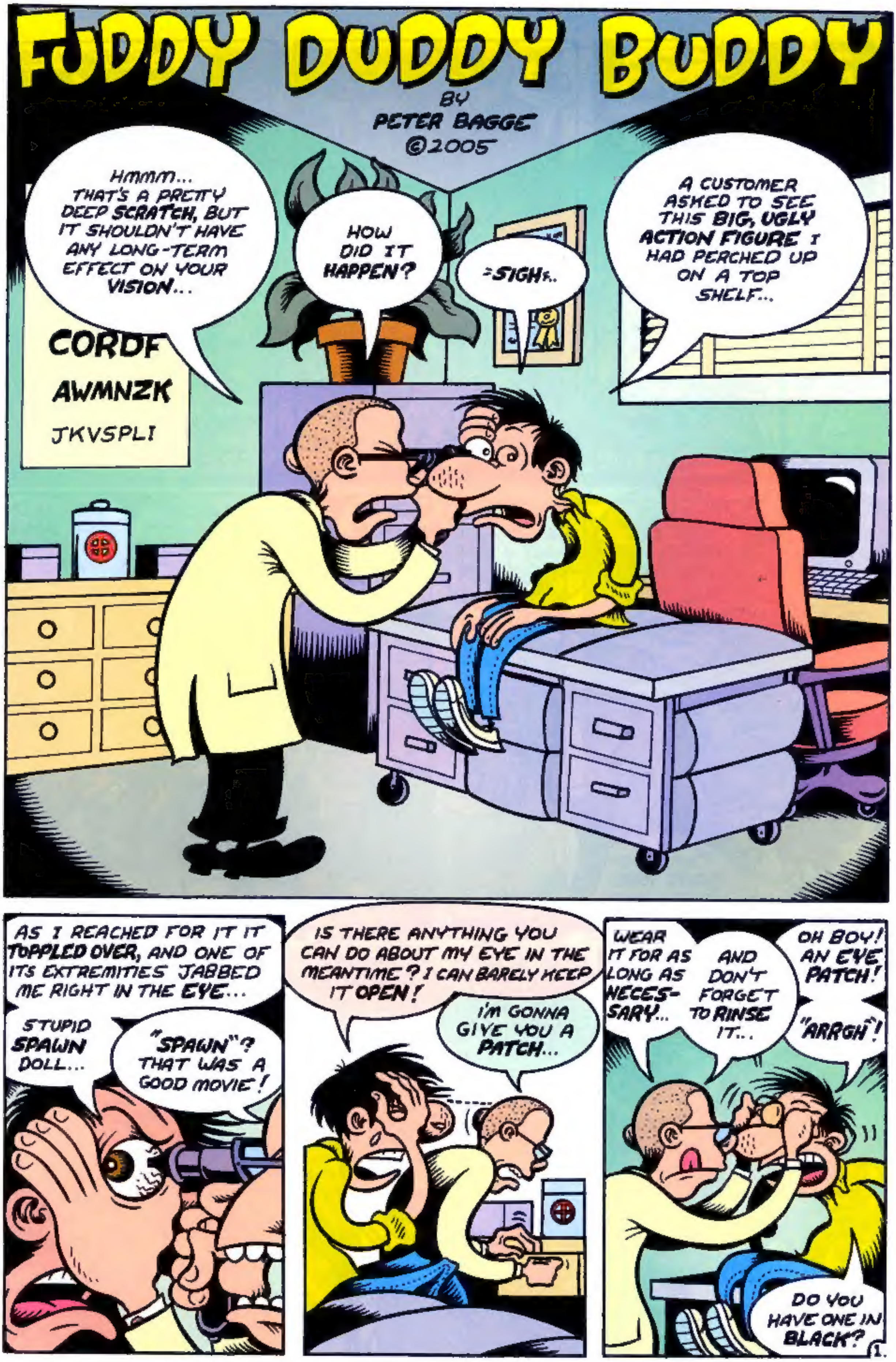

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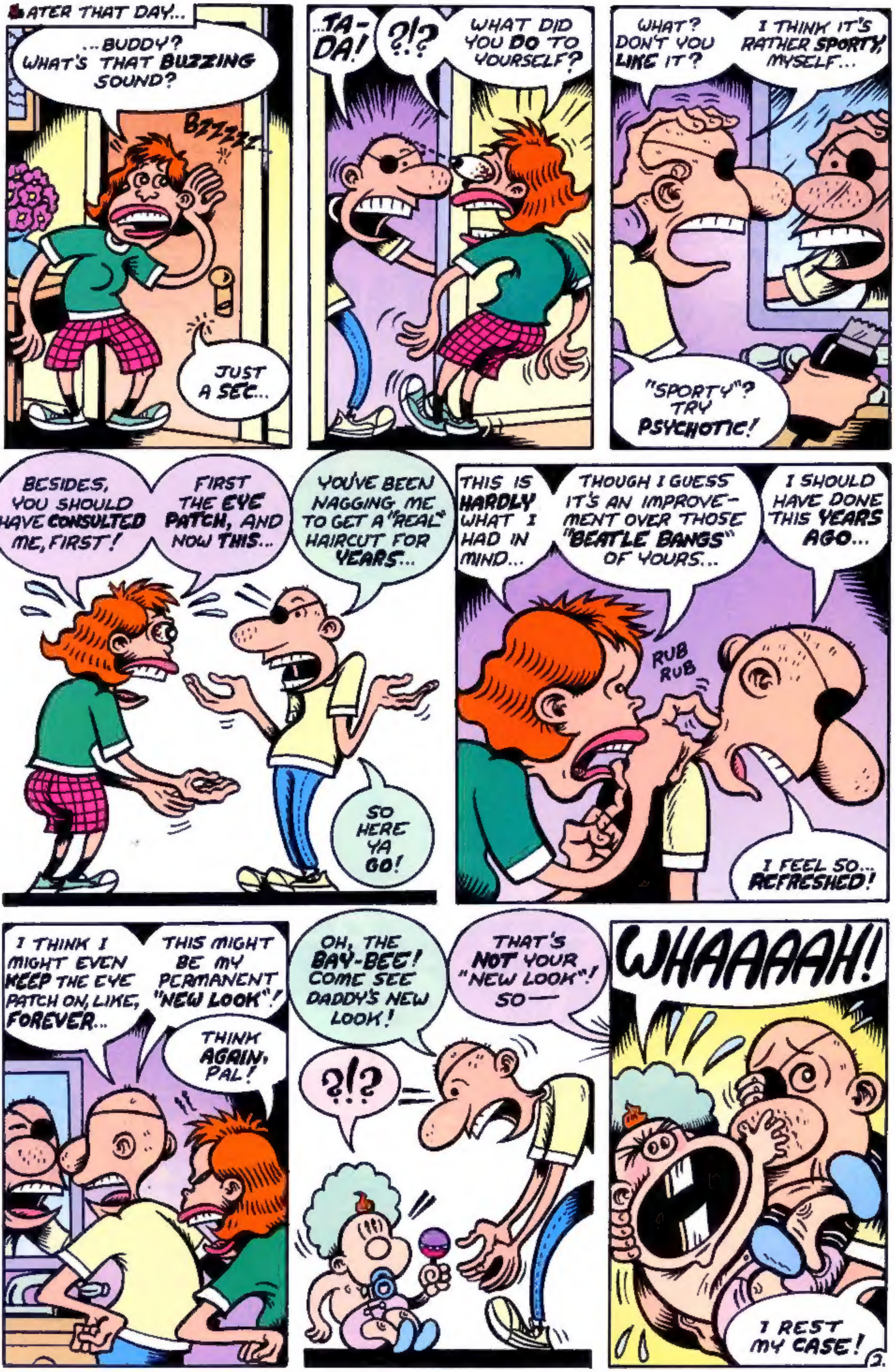
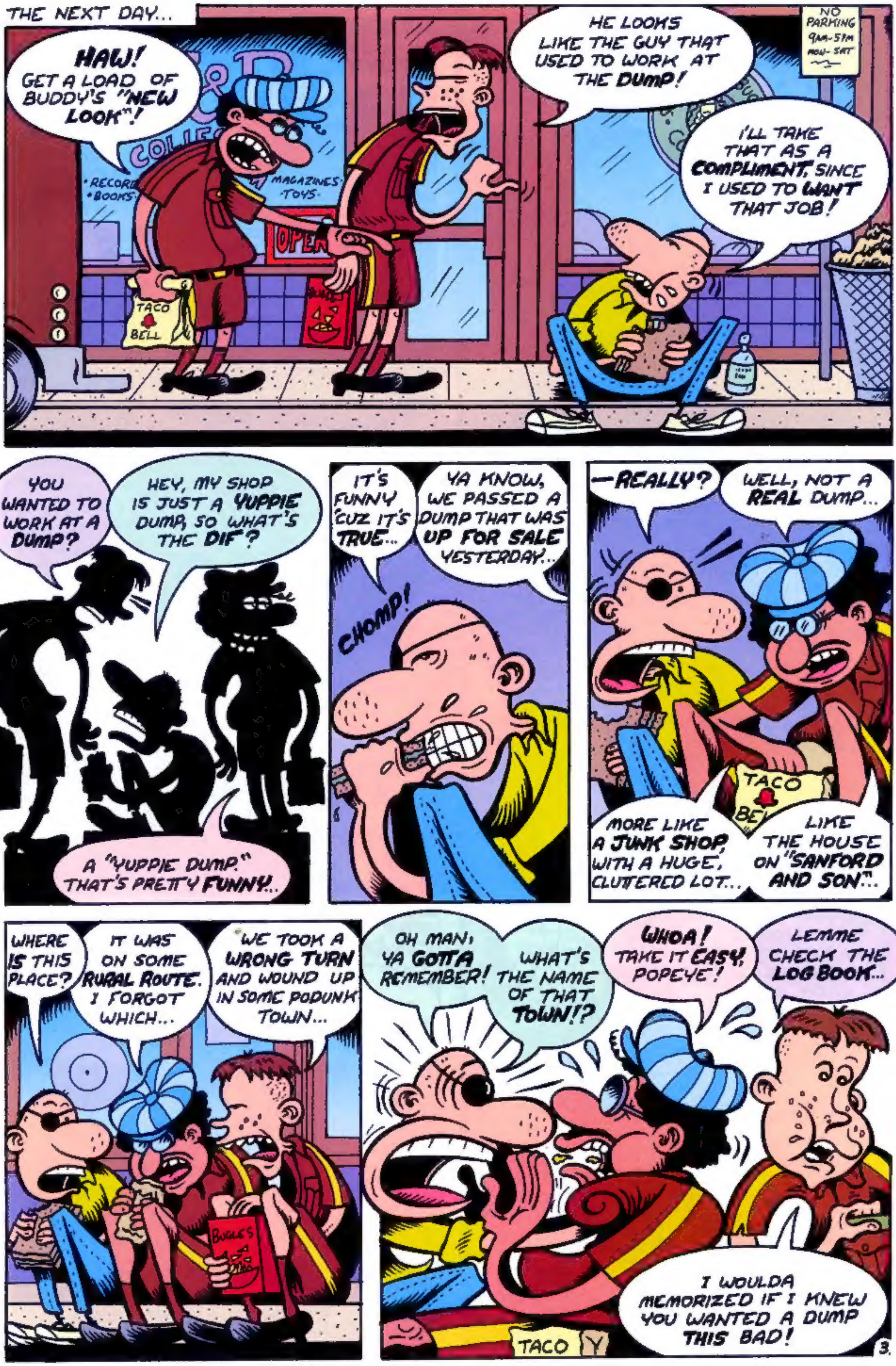
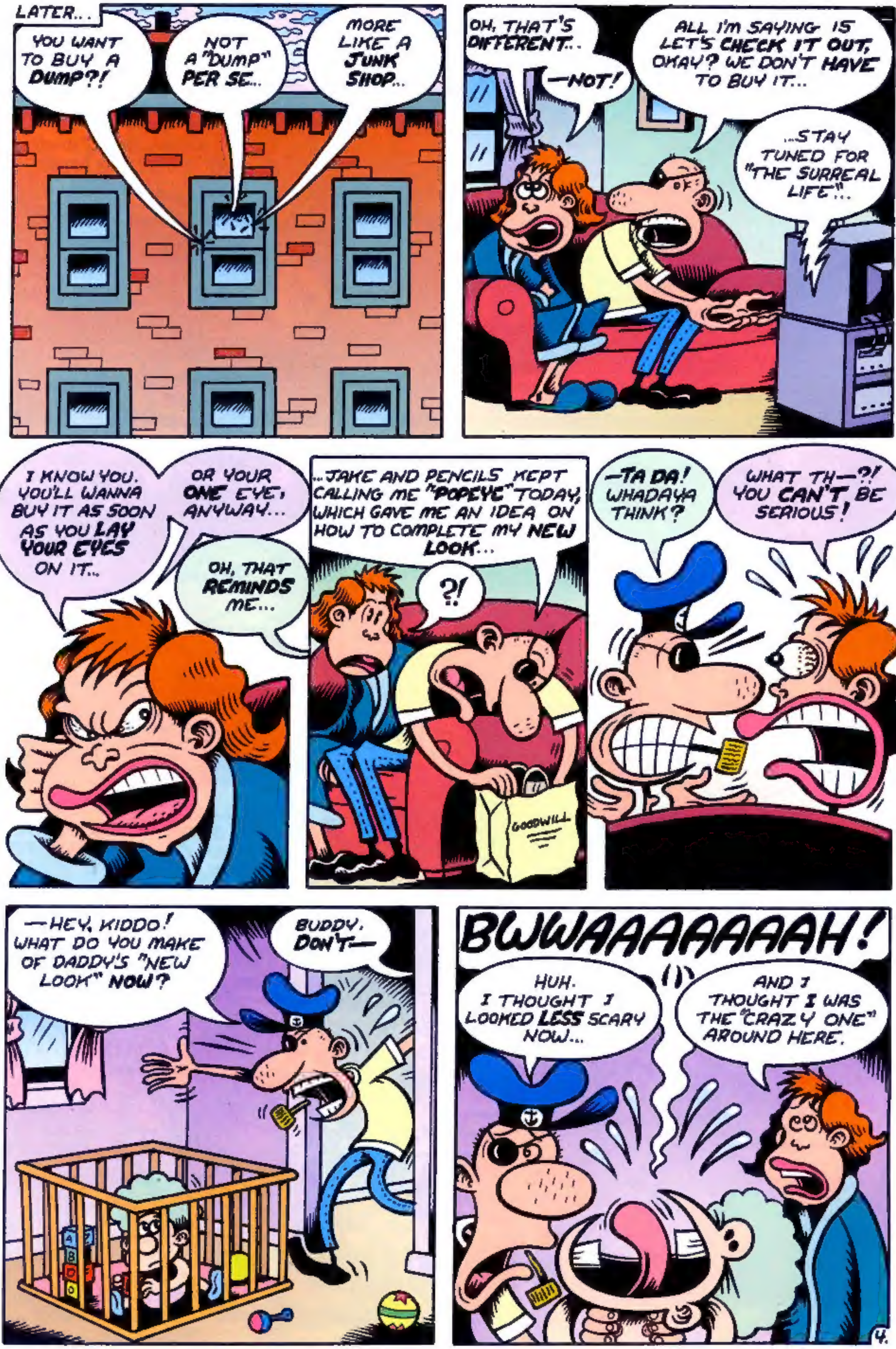
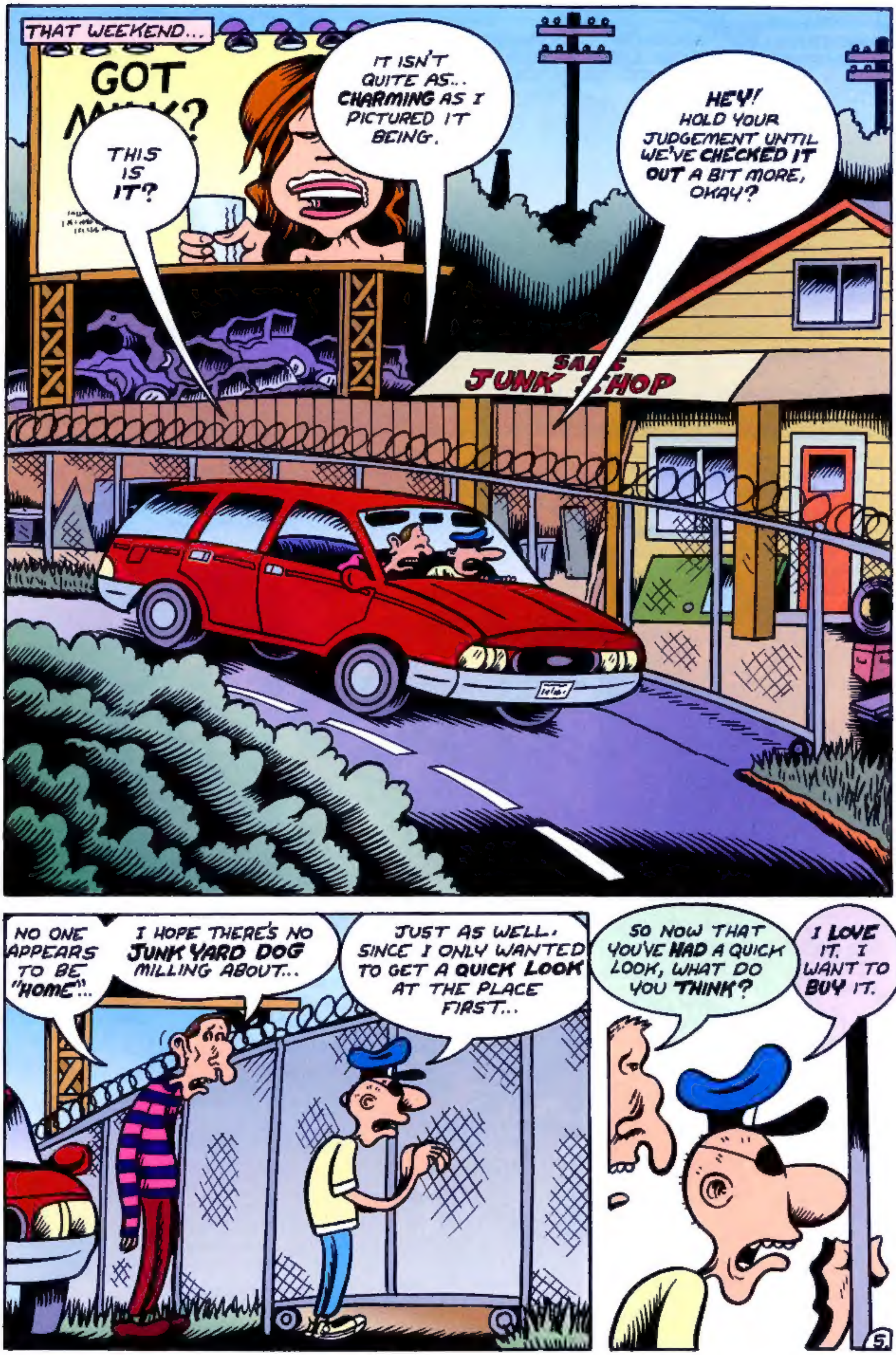
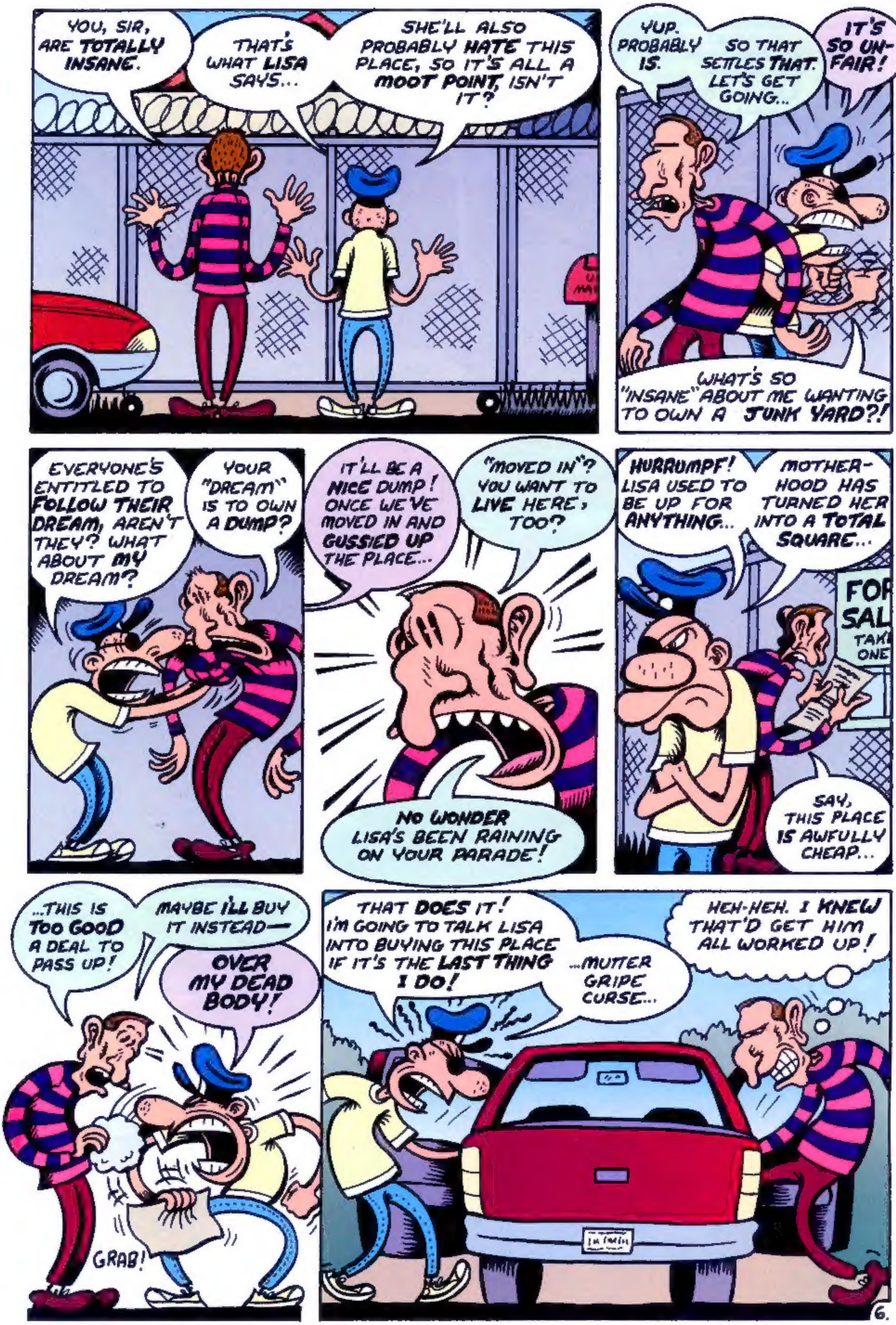

LATER THAT DAY...
...BUDDY? WHAT'S THAT BUZZING SOUND?
BZZZZZ
JUST A SEC...
...TA-DA!
?!?
WHAT DID YOU DO TO YOURSELF?
WHAT? DON'T YOU LIKE IT?
I THINK IT'S RATHER SPORTY, MYSELF...
"SPORTY"? TRY PSYCHOTIC!
BESIDES, YOU SHOULD HAVE CONSULTED ME, FIRST!
FIRST THE EYE PATCH, AND NOW THIS...
YOU'VE BEEN NAGGING ME TO GET A "REAL" HAIRCUT FOR YEARS...
SO HERE YA GO!
THIS IS HARDLY WHAT I HAD IN MIND...
THOUGH I GUESS IT'S AN IMPROVE-MENT OVER THOSE "BEATLE BANGS" OF YOURS...
I SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS YEARS AGO...
RUB RUB
I FEEL SO... REFRESHED!
I THINK I MIGHT EVEN KEEP THE EYE PATCH ON, LIKE, FOREVER...
THIS MIGHT BE MY PERMANENT "NEW LOOK"!
THINK AGAIN, PAL!
OH, THE BAY-BEE! COME SEE DADDY'S NEW LOOK!
THAT'S NOT YOUR "NEW LOOK"! SO—
?!?
WHAAAAH!
I REST MY CASE!
3.


THE NEXT DAY...
HAW! GET A LOAD OF BUDDY'S "NEW LOOK"!
HE LOOKS LIKE THE GUY THAT USED TO WORK AT THE DUMP!
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A COMPLIMENT, SINCE I USED TO WANT THAT JOB!
NO PARKING 9AM-5PM MON-SAT
YOU WANTED TO WORK AT A DUMP?
HEY, MY SHOP IS JUST A YUPPIE DUMP, SO WHAT'S THE DIF?
A "YUPPIE DUMP." THAT'S PRETTY FUNNY...
IT'S FUNNY 'CUZ IT'S TRUE...
YA KNOW, WE PASSED A DUMP THAT WAS UP FOR SALE YESTERDAY...
CHOMP!
—REALLY?
WELL, NOT A REAL DUMP...
MORE LIKE A JUNK SHOP, WITH A HUGE, CLUTTERED LOT...
LIKE THE HOUSE ON "SANFORD AND SON"...
WHERE IS THIS PLACE?
IT WAS ON SOME RURAL ROUTE. I FORGOT WHICH...
WE TOOK A WRONG TURN AND WOUND UP IN SOME PODUNK TOWN...
OH MAN, YA GOTTA REMEMBER!
WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT TOWN!?
WHOA! TAKE IT EASY, POPEYE!
LEMME CHECK THE LOG BOOK...
I WOULDA MEMORIZED IF I KNEW YOU WANTED A DUMP THIS BAD!

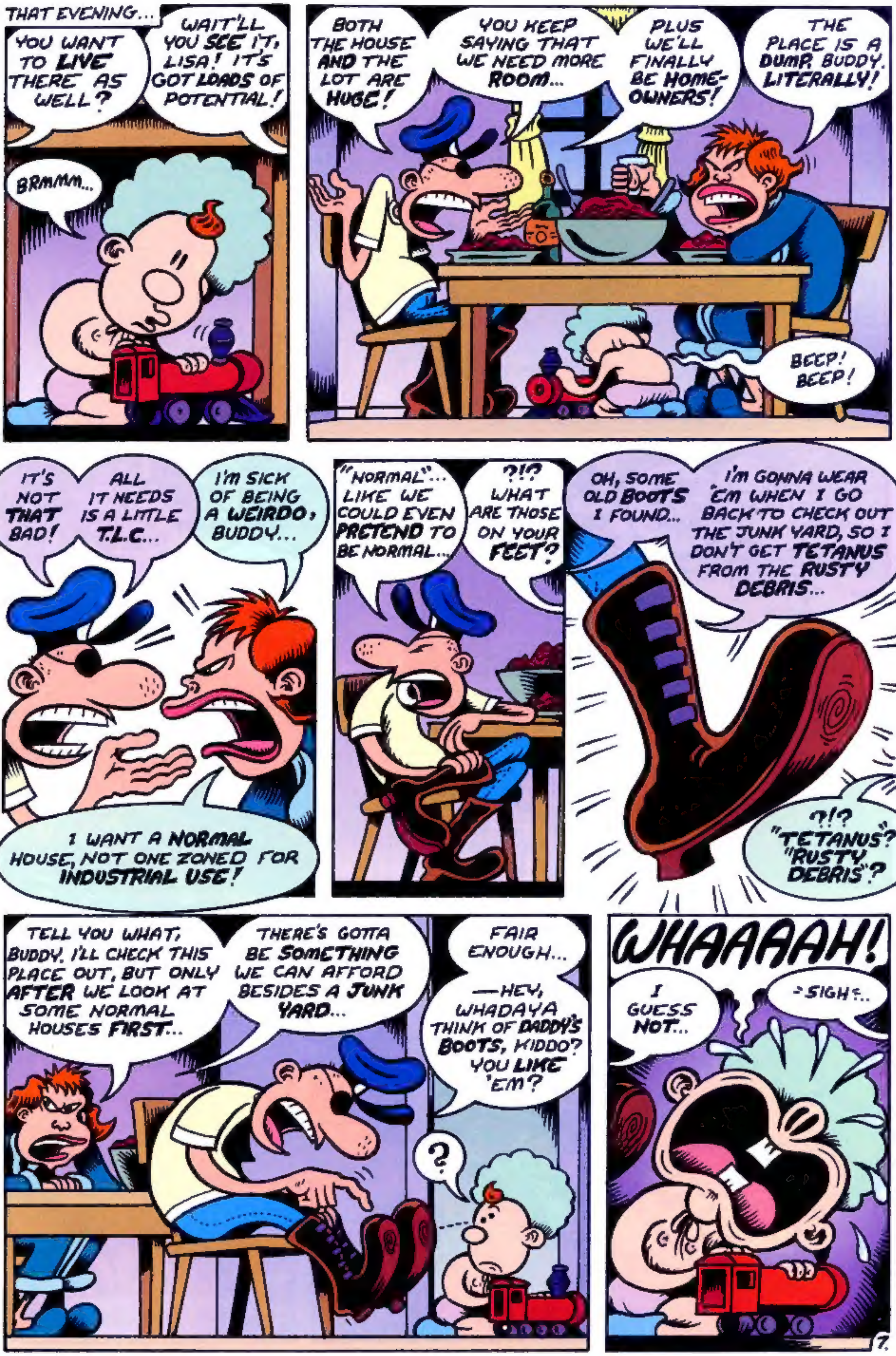


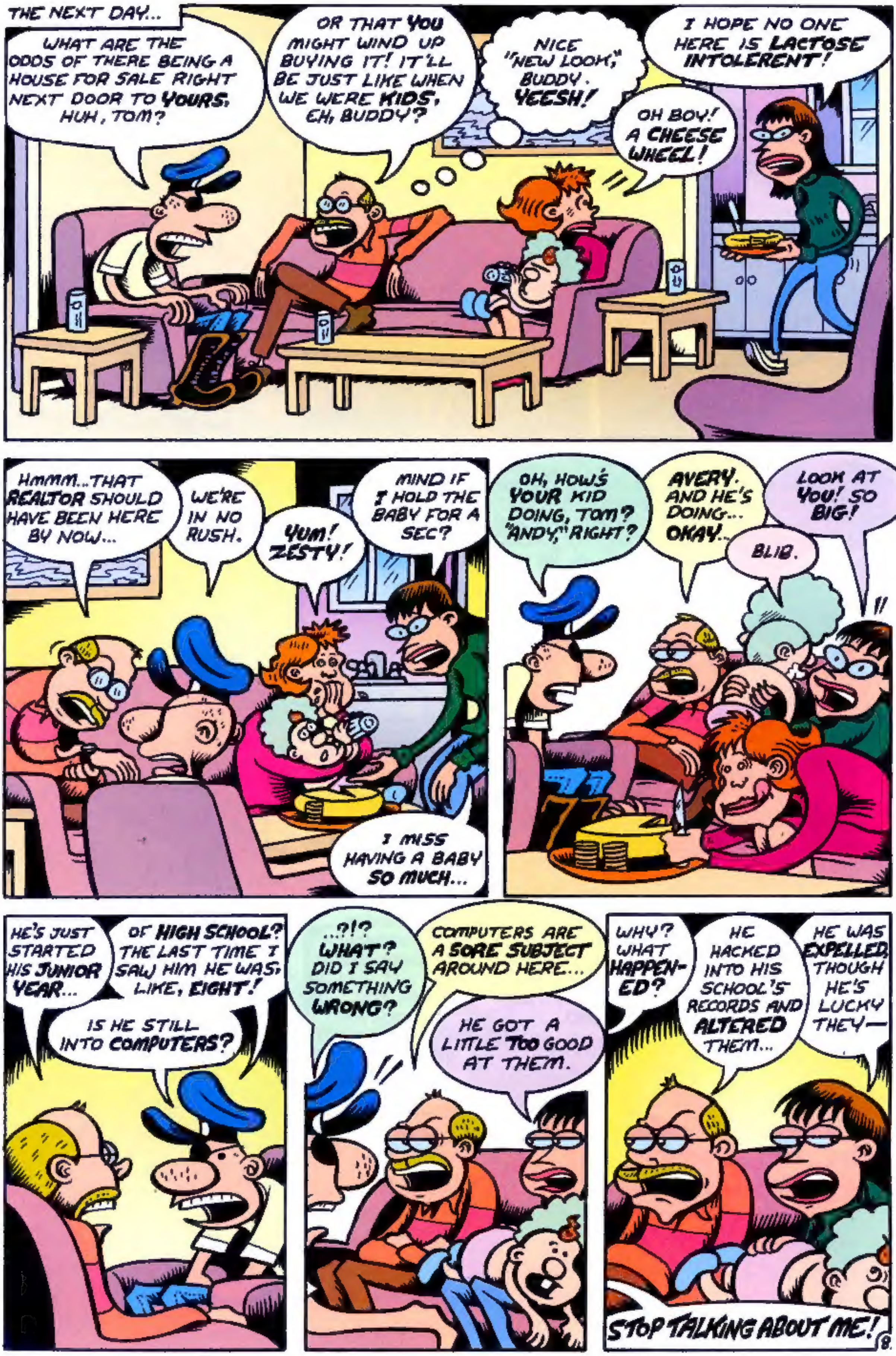
LATER...
YOU WANT TO BUY A DUMP?!
NOT A "DUMP" PER SE...
MORE LIKE A JUNK SHOP...
OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT...
—NOT!
ALL I'M SAYING IS LET'S CHECK IT OUT, OKAY? WE DON'T HAVE TO BUY IT...
...STAY TUNED FOR "THE SURREAL LIFE"...
I KNOW YOU. YOU'LL WANNA BUY IT AS SOON AS YOU LAY YOUR EYES ON IT...
OR YOUR ONE EYE, ANYWAY...
OH, THAT REMINDS ME...
...JAKE AND PENCILS KEPT CALLING ME "POPEYE" TODAY, WHICH GAVE ME AN IDEA ON HOW TO COMPLETE MY NEW LOOK...
?!
GOODWILL
—TA DA! WHADAYA THINK?
WHAT TH—?! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!
—HEY, KIDDO! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF DADDY'S "NEW LOOK" NOW?
BUDDY, DON'T—
BWWAAAAAAAAH!
HUH. I THOUGHT I LOOKED LESS SCARY NOW...
AND I THOUGHT I WAS THE "CRAZY ONE" AROUND HERE.
4.

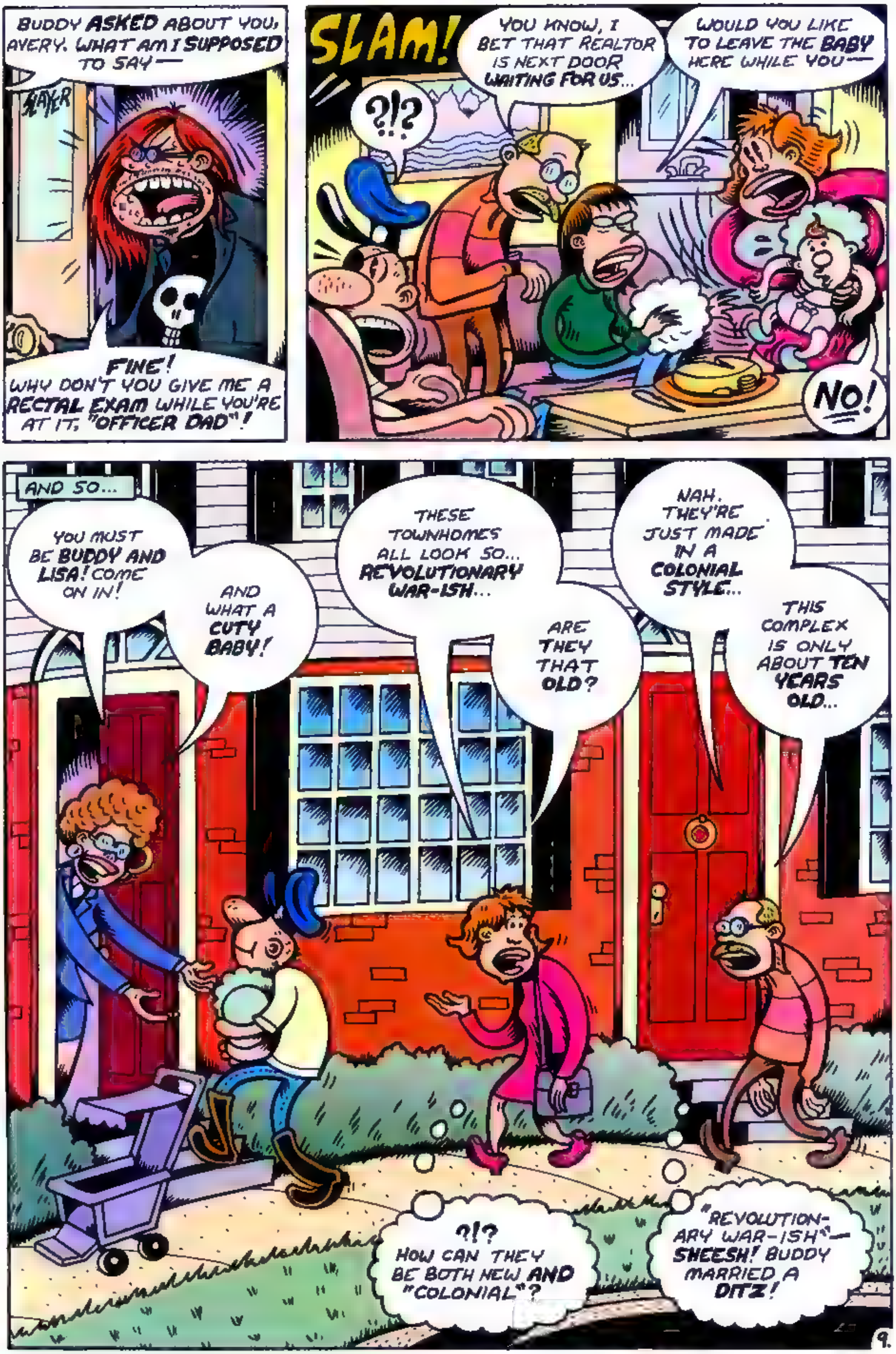

THAT WEEKEND...
GOT MILK?
THIS IS IT?
IT ISN'T QUITE AS.. CHARMING AS I PICTURED IT BEING.
HEY! HOLD YOUR JUDGEMENT UNTIL WE'VE CHECKED IT OUT A BIT MORE, OKAY?
JUNK SHOP
NO ONE APPEARS TO BE "HOME"...
I HOPE THERE'S NO JUNK YARD DOG MILLING ABOUT...
JUST AS WELL, SINCE I ONLY WANTED TO GET A QUICK LOOK AT THE PLACE FIRST...
SO NOW THAT YOU'VE HAD A QUICK LOOK, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I LOVE IT. I WANT TO BUY IT.
5

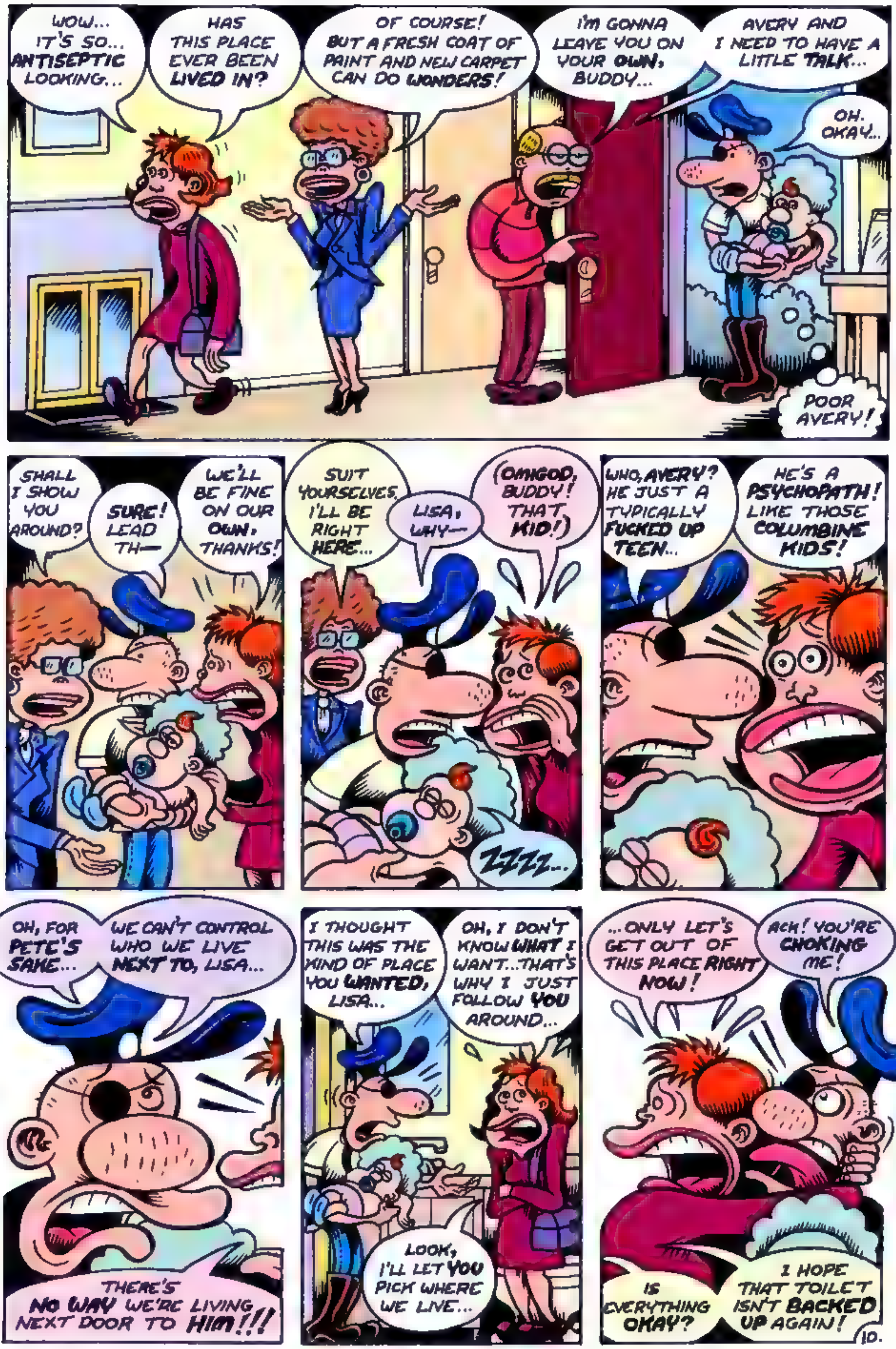


YOU, SIR, ARE TOTALLY INSANE.
THAT'S WHAT LISA SAYS...
SHE'LL ALSO PROBABLY HATE THIS PLACE, SO IT'S ALL A MOOT POINT, ISN'T IT?
YUP. PROBABLY IS.
SO THAT SETTLES THAT. LET'S GET GOING...
IT'S SO UN-FAIR!
WHAT'S SO "INSANE" ABOUT ME WANTING TO OWN A JUNK YARD?!
EVERYONE'S ENTITLED TO FOLLOW THEIR DREAM, AREN'T THEY? WHAT ABOUT MY DREAM?
YOUR "DREAM" IS TO OWN A DUMP?
IT'LL BE A NICE DUMP! ONCE WE'VE MOVED IN AND GUSSIED UP THE PLACE...
"MOVED IN"? YOU WANT TO LIVE HERE, TOO?
NO WONDER LISA'S BEEN RAINING ON YOUR PARADE!
HURRUMPF! LISA USED TO BE UP FOR ANYTHING...
MOTHER-HOOD HAS TURNED HER INTO A TOTAL SQUARE...
SAY, THIS PLACE IS AWFULLY CHEAP...
...THIS IS TOO GOOD A DEAL TO PASS UP!
MAYBE I'LL BUY IT INSTEAD—
OVER MY DEAD BODY!
GRAB!
THAT DOES IT! I'M GOING TO TALK LISA INTO BUYING THIS PLACE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
...MUTTER GRIPE CURSE...
HEH-HEH. I KNEW THAT'D GET HIM ALL WORKED UP!

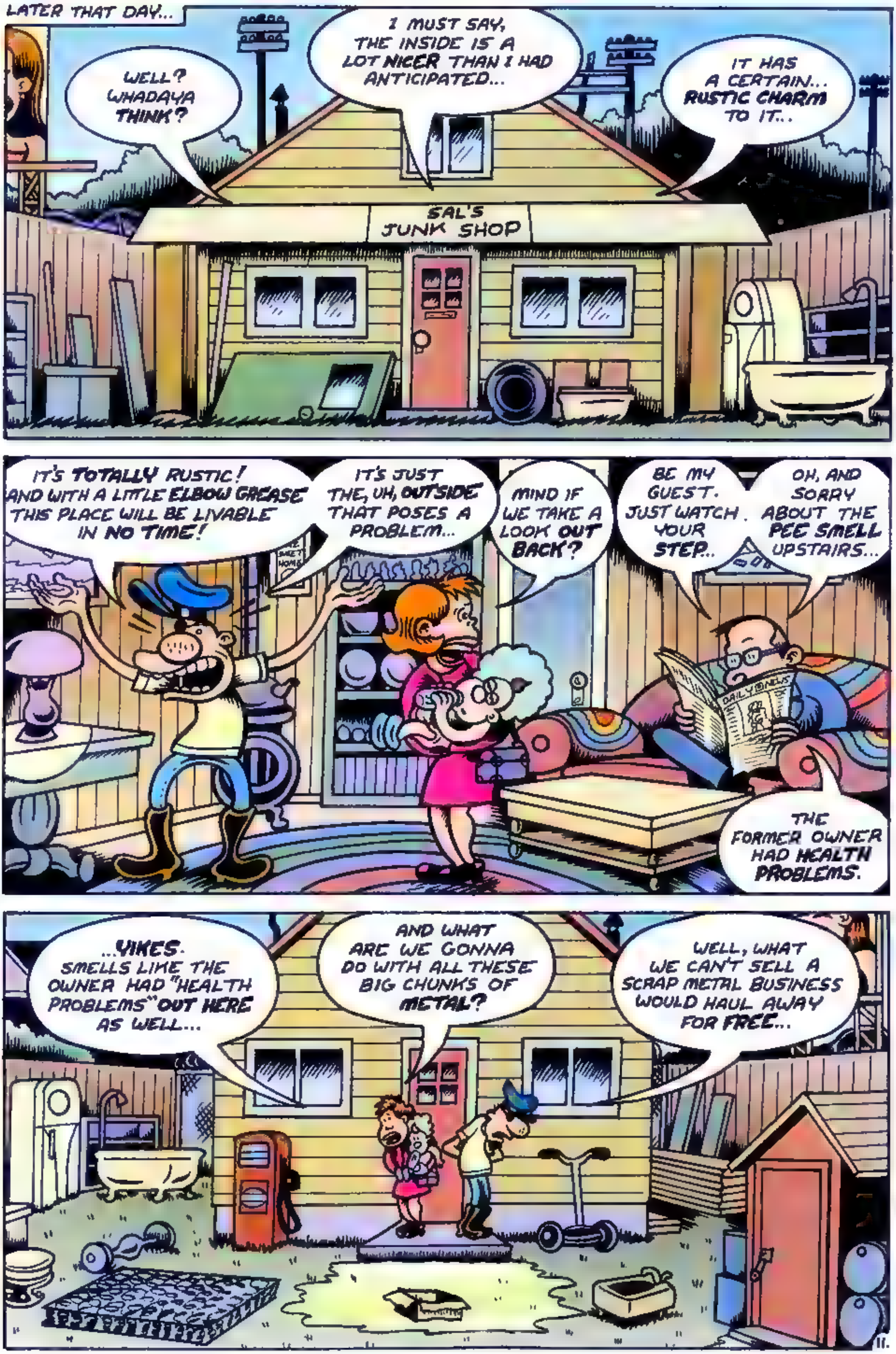

THAT EVENING...
YOU WANT TO LIVE THERE AS WELL?
WAIT'LL YOU SEE IT, LISA! IT'S GOT LOADS OF POTENTIAL!
BRMMM...
BOTH THE HOUSE AND THE LOT ARE HUGE!
YOU KEEP SAYING THAT WE NEED MORE ROOM...
PLUS WE'LL FINALLY BE HOME-OWNERS!
THE PLACE IS A DUMP, BUDDY. LITERALLY!
BEEP! BEEP!
IT'S NOT THAT BAD!
ALL IT NEEDS IS A LITTLE T.L.C...
I'M SICK OF BEING A WEIRDO, BUDDY...
I WANT A NORMAL HOUSE, NOT ONE ZONED FOR INDUSTRIAL USE!
"NORMAL"... LIKE WE COULD EVEN PRETEND TO BE NORMAL...
?!? WHAT ARE THOSE ON YOUR FEET?
OH, SOME OLD BOOTS I FOUND...
I'M GONNA WEAR 'EM WHEN I GO BACK TO CHECK OUT THE JUNK YARD, SO I DON'T GET TETANUS FROM THE RUSTY DEBRIS...
?!? "TETANUS"? "RUSTY DEBRIS"?
TELL YOU WHAT, BUDDY. I'LL CHECK THIS PLACE OUT, BUT ONLY AFTER WE LOOK AT SOME NORMAL HOUSES FIRST...
THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHING WE CAN AFFORD BESIDES A JUNK YARD...
FAIR ENOUGH...
—HEY, WHADAYA THINK OF DADDY'S BOOTS, KIDDO? YOU LIKE 'EM?
?
WHAAAAAH!
I GUESS NOT...
SIGH...

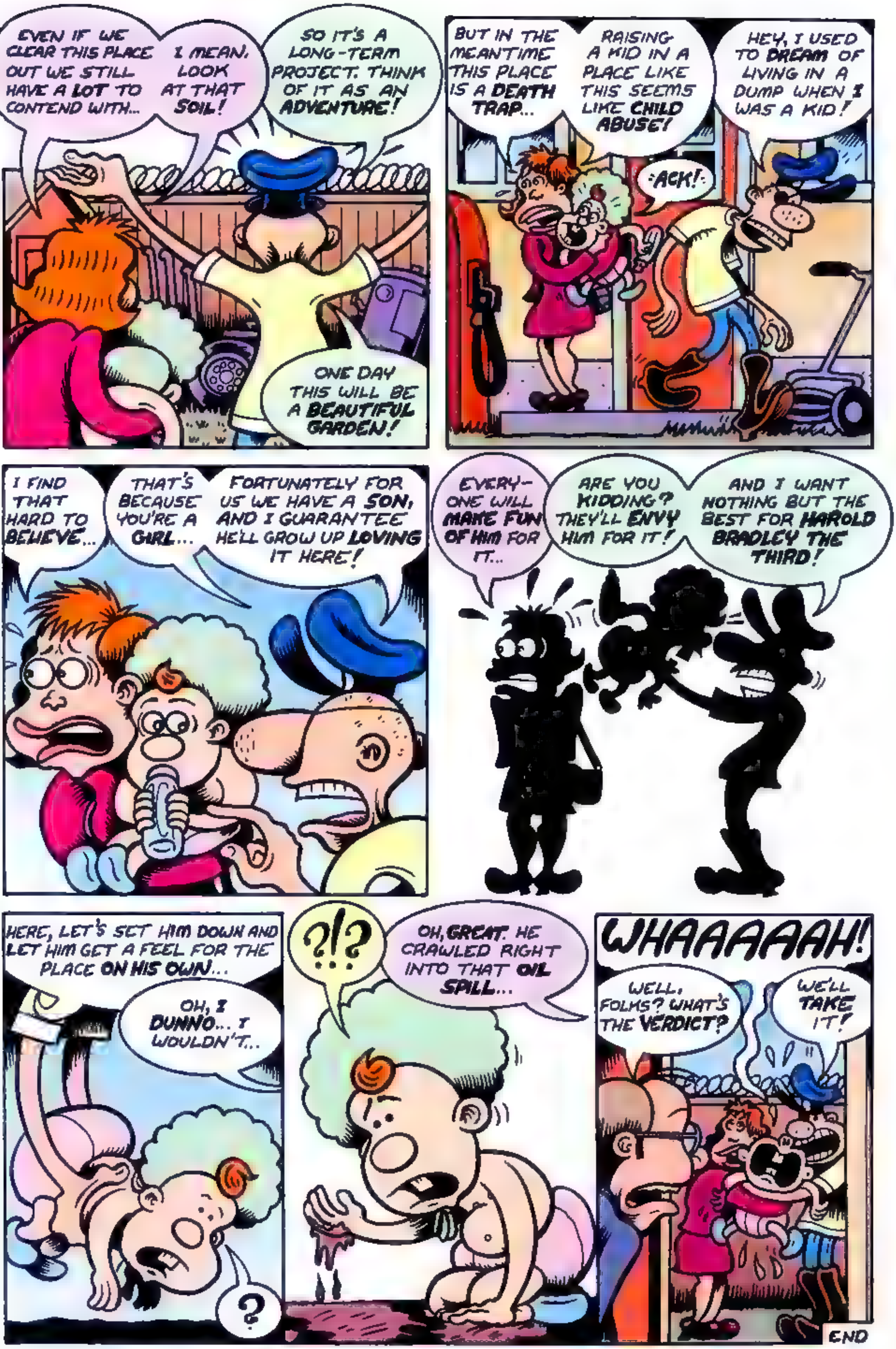

THE NEXT DAY...
WHAT ARE THE ODDS OF THERE BEING A HOUSE FOR SALE RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO YOURS, HUH, TOM?
OR THAT YOU MIGHT WIND UP BUYING IT! IT'LL BE JUST LIKE WHEN WE WERE KIDS, EH, BUDDY?
NICE "NEW LOOK," BUDDY. YEESH!
I HOPE NO ONE HERE IS LACTOSE INTOLERENT!
OH BOY! A CHEESE WHEEL!
HMMM...THAT REALTOR SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE BY NOW...
WE'RE IN NO RUSH.
YUM! ZESTY!
MIND IF I HOLD THE BABY FOR A SEC?
I MISS HAVING A BABY SO MUCH...
OH, HOW'S YOUR KID DOING, TOM? "ANDY," RIGHT?
AVERY. AND HE'S DOING... OKAY.
BLIB.
LOOK AT YOU! SO BIG!
HE'S JUST STARTED HIS JUNIOR YEAR...
OF HIGH SCHOOL? THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE WAS, LIKE, EIGHT!
IS HE STILL INTO COMPUTERS?
..?!? WHAT? DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?
COMPUTERS ARE A SORE SUBJECT AROUND HERE...
HE GOT A LITTLE TOO GOOD AT THEM.
WHY? WHAT HAPPEN-ED?
HE HACKED INTO HIS SCHOOL'S RECORDS AND ALTERED THEM...
HE WAS EXPELLED, THOUGH HE'S LUCKY THEY—
STOP TALKING ABOUT ME!


BUDDY ASKED ABOUT YOU, AVERY. WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO SAY—
SLAYER
FINE! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE ME A RECTAL EXAM WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, "OFFICER DAD"!
SLAM!
?!?
YOU KNOW, I BET THAT REALTOR IS NEXT DOOR WAITING FOR US...
WOULD YOU LIKE TO LEAVE THE BABY HERE WHILE YOU—
NO!
AND SO...
YOU MUST BE BUDDY AND LISA! COME ON IN!
AND WHAT A CUTY BABY!
THESE TOWNHOMES ALL LOOK SO... REVOLUTIONARY WAR-ISH...
ARE THEY THAT OLD?
NAH. THEY'RE JUST MADE IN A COLONIAL STYLE...
THIS COMPLEX IS ONLY ABOUT TEN YEARS OLD...
?!? HOW CAN THEY BE BOTH NEW AND "COLONIAL"?
"REVOLUTIONARY WAR-ISH"— SHEESH! BUDDY MARRIED A DITZ!



WOW... IT'S SO... ANTISEPTIC LOOKING...
HAS THIS PLACE EVER BEEN LIVED IN?
OF COURSE! BUT A FRESH COAT OF PAINT AND NEW CARPET CAN DO WONDERS!
I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU ON YOUR OWN, BUDDY...
AVERY AND I NEED TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK...
OH. OKAY...
POOR AVERY!
SHALL I SHOW YOU AROUND?
SURE! LEAD TH—
WE'LL BE FINE ON OUR OWN, THANKS!
SUIT YOURSELVES, I'LL BE RIGHT HERE...
LISA, WHY—
(OMIGOD, BUDDY! THAT KID!)
ZZZZ...
WHO, AVERY? HE JUST A TYPICALLY FUCKED UP TEEN...
HE'S A PSYCHOPATH! LIKE THOSE COLUMBINE KIDS!
OH, FOR PETE'S SAKE...
WE CAN'T CONTROL WHO WE LIVE NEXT TO, LISA...
THERE'S NO WAY WE'RE LIVING NEXT DOOR TO HIM!!!
I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE KIND OF PLACE YOU WANTED, LISA...
OH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT... THAT'S WHY I JUST FOLLOW YOU AROUND...
LOOK, I'LL LET YOU PICK WHERE WE LIVE...
...ONLY LET'S GET OUT OF THIS PLACE RIGHT NOW!
ACK! YOU'RE CHOKING ME!
IS EVERYTHING OKAY?
I HOPE THAT TOILET ISN'T BACKED UP AGAIN!


LATER THAT DAY...
WELL? WHADAYA THINK?
I MUST SAY, THE INSIDE IS A LOT NICER THAN I HAD ANTICIPATED...
IT HAS A CERTAIN... RUSTIC CHARM TO IT...
SAL'S JUNK SHOP
IT'S TOTALLY RUSTIC! AND WITH A LITTLE ELBOW GREASE THIS PLACE WILL BE LIVABLE IN NO TIME!
IT'S JUST THE, UH, OUTSIDE THAT POSES A PROBLEM...
MIND IF WE TAKE A LOOK OUT BACK?
BE MY GUEST. JUST WATCH YOUR STEP...
OH, AND SORRY ABOUT THE PEE SMELL UPSTAIRS...
THE FORMER OWNER HAD HEALTH PROBLEMS.
...YIKES. SMELLS LIKE THE OWNER HAD "HEALTH PROBLEMS" OUT HERE AS WELL...
AND WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH ALL THESE BIG CHUNKS OF METAL?
WELL, WHAT WE CAN'T SELL A SCRAP METAL BUSINESS WOULD HAUL AWAY FOR FREE...

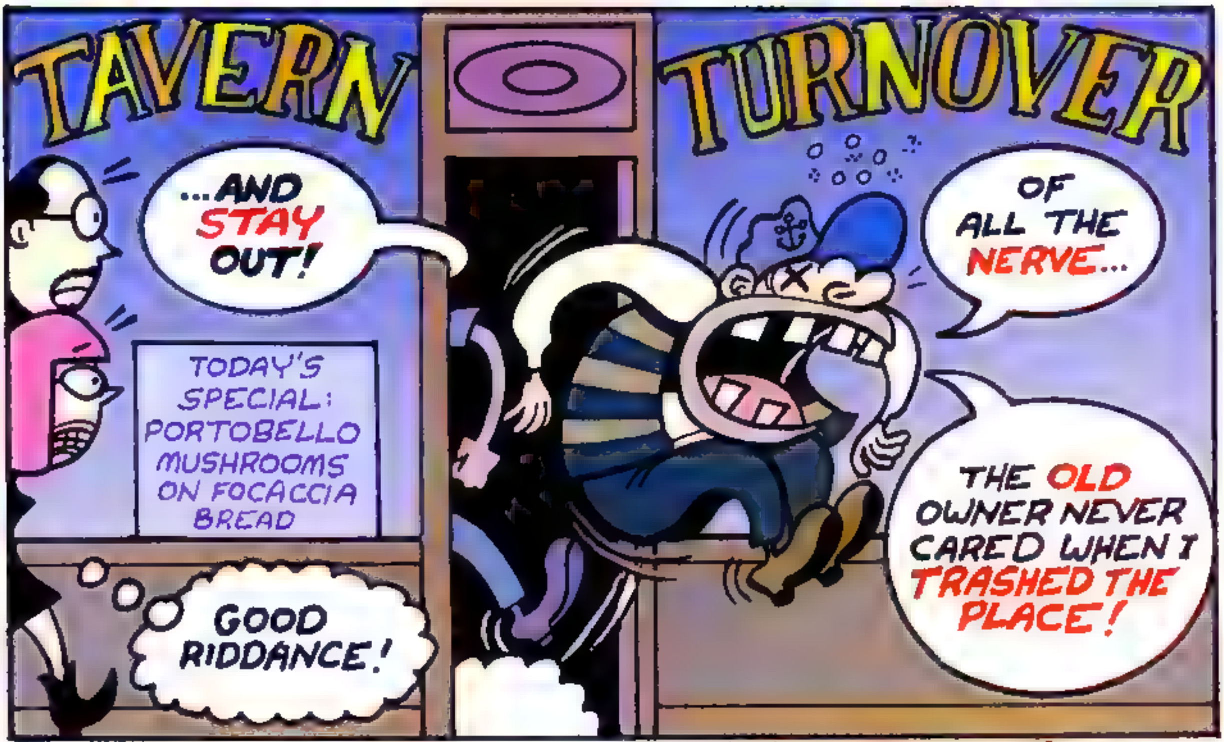

EVEN IF WE CLEAR THIS PLACE OUT WE STILL HAVE A LOT TO CONTEND WITH...
I MEAN, LOOK AT THAT SOIL!
SO IT'S A LONG-TERM PROJECT. THINK OF IT AS AN ADVENTURE!
ONE DAY THIS WILL BE A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN!
BUT IN THE MEANTIME THIS PLACE IS A DEATH TRAP...
RAISING A KID IN A PLACE LIKE THIS SEEMS LIKE CHILD ABUSE!
ACK!
HEY, I USED TO DREAM OF LIVING IN A DUMP WHEN I WAS A KID!
I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE...
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE A GIRL...
FORTUNATELY FOR US WE HAVE A SON, AND I GUARANTEE HE'LL GROW UP LOVING IT HERE!
EVERY-ONE WILL MAKE FUN OF HIM FOR IT...
ARE YOU KIDDING? THEY'LL ENVY HIM FOR IT!
AND I WANT NOTHING BUT THE BEST FOR HAROLD BRADLEY THE THIRD!
HERE, LET'S SET HIM DOWN AND LET HIM GET A FEEL FOR THE PLACE ON HIS OWN...
OH, I DUNNO... I WOULDN'T...
?
?!?
OH, GREAT. HE CRAWLED RIGHT INTO THAT OIL SPILL...
WHAAAAAAH!
WELL, FOLKS? WHAT'S THE VERDICT?
WE'LL TAKE IT!
END

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
280 pages • $18.95 • ISBN 1-56097-619-5

Before Betty or Veronica ever put on a cashmere sweater or barely-there miniskirt, Dan DeCarlo drew "blue," and we've got the goods right here!

From the folks who brought you *The Glamour Girls of Bill Ward* and *The Classic Pin-Ups of Jack Cole* comes this delectable collection of girlie magazine pin-ups created by DeCarlo from 1956 to 1963, with many featuring captions written by Stan Lee! Featuring an introductory essay by Bongo Comics' Bill Morrison and edited by Alex Chun. Designed and colored in a vibrant two-color scheme throughout by Jacob Covey

"DeCarlo was one of those artists who knew how good he was, knew where every line belonged, knew he could draw stickin' women."
– Jaime Hernandez



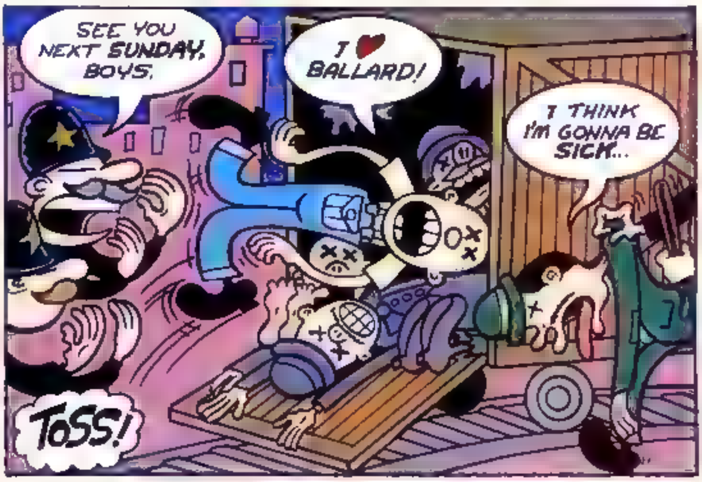
THE EVOLUTION OF OLD BALLARD'S "TAVERN ROW," FROM BLUE-COLLAR DIVES TO HIPSTER HANGOUTS, BY P. BAGGE ©

For over a hundred years the North Seattle neighborhood of Ballard had predominantly been a blue-collar Scandinavian "ghetto," and while it still is home to a thriving fishing and boat repair and supply industry, the noisier and smellier businesses, such as the lumber mills and industrial foundries, have all moved on — taxed out and/or chased out by a city that no longer wants or needs the pollution they make or the grimy, dangerous jobs that they offer.

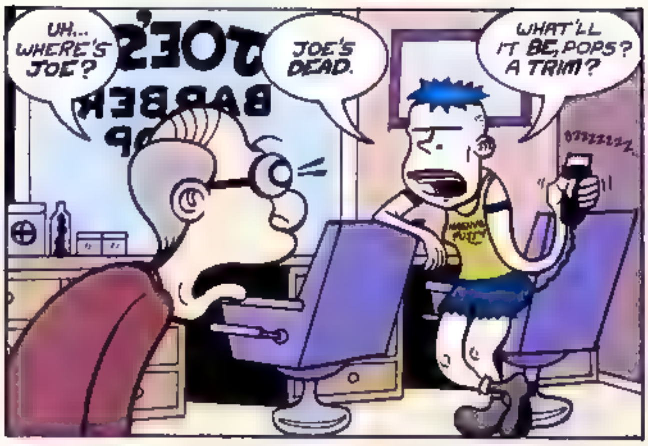
Throughout those early, grimy years, however, dozens of bars and taverns came and went along Ballard's waterfront that catered to the men who worked there — and the transient, seasonal nature of the fishing industry in particular had given this part of town a well-deserved rough and tumble reputation.

In fact, prior to Prohibition this area was NOTORIOUSLY rowdy. Since Ballard was a separate city at the time, it didn't share Seattle Proper's Sunday "blue laws," thus making it a Sunday Mecca for drunks throughout the Seattle area. Hardcore alkies from downtown would flock to Ballard every weekend and get so hammered that the local cops would load them all onto a cattle car attached to a street trolley at the end of the night, where they would be hauled off and dumped back where they came from like so many sacks of potatoes. Ahh, those were the days!

Ballard is undergoing the type of demographic transformation that is affecting most formerly cheap and simple neighborhoods in any "desirable" city. As the old-timers retire or die, their homes are bought by young upwardly mobile couples with either one kid or one on the way; or they're rented out to young artists, musicians and students.



In fact, this has been the story of my adult life so far: I move to some forgotten city or neighborhood looking for a decent yet inexpensive place to live, when suddenly thousands of other college-educated, suburban-raised people of my



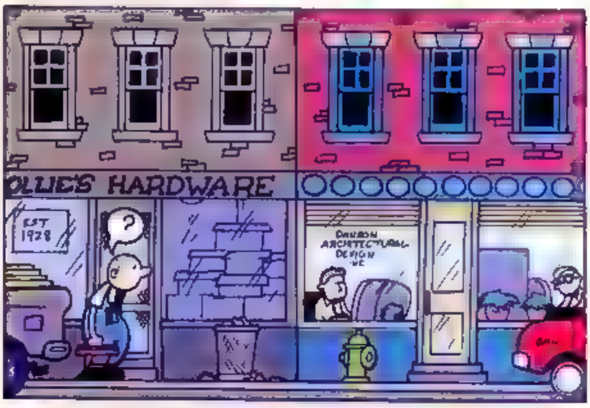
own age get the same idea. Before you know it said neighborhood is neither forgotten OR cheap — which is fine when you're in the mood for a fancy-shmancy restaurant (and can afford one), but it also usually means goodbye to that cute old neighborhood grocery store, barber shop and corner bar.

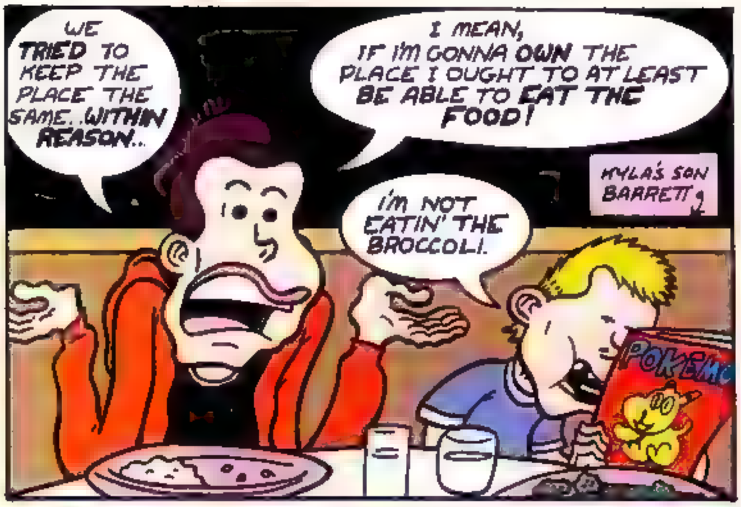
Nowhere is this change more obvious than along Ballard Avenue in Old Ballard. This row of historically preserved turn-of-the-century buildings used to be almost nothing BUT "corner bars," with a few auto repair shops and musty hardware stores thrown in — though the latter are slowly being replaced by architect offices (why the proliferation of "storefront" architects all of the sudden?) and specialty shops that cater to the neighborhood's more affluent and particular new residents.

The bars are still there, however, since even the affluent and particular like to get drunk, too. Many of these old taverns still have same names that they've operated under for decades as well, though aside from the one or two dives that STILL ARE dives there's something very different about some of these old haunts, which has as much to do with the people who now OWN them as it does with the area's changing demographics.

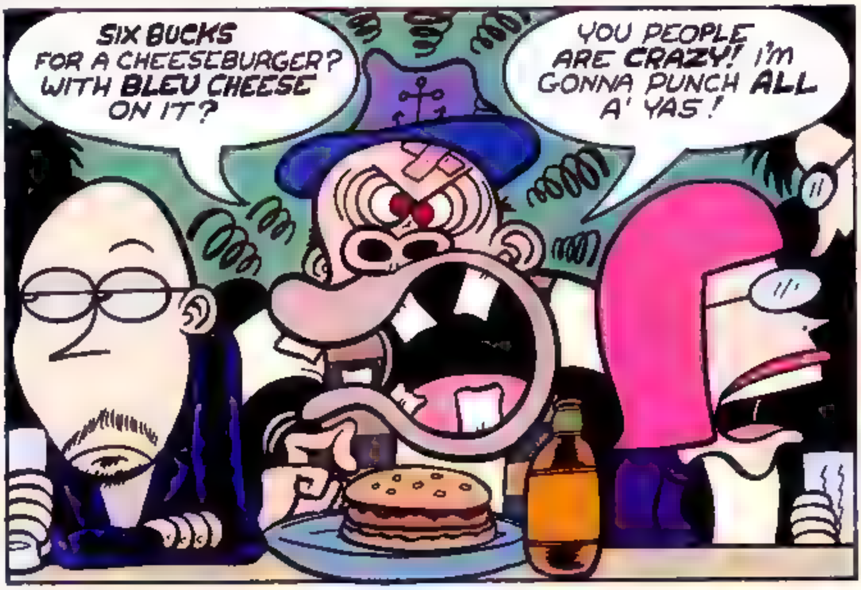
Hattie's Hat used to be the rowdiest dive of them all not too long ago. The first thing you notice upon entering is this 5 foot high "retaining wall" that splits the bar area in half, which some former owner erected to keep the battlin' boozers' brawls from smashing into the customers on the other side who are trying to eat and drink in relative peace (though it still was hard to concentrate on your grilled cheese sandwich when all hell was breaking loose mere inches away from you).

The guy who sold Hattie's to its current owners had a "policy" of not eighty-sixing ANYONE, no matter how out of line they'd get. The end result was that "The Hat" became the Last Stop for the area's most incorrigible drunkards and psychopaths, knowing that their anti-social behavior would never land them out on the street. Some people loved it for that very reason, knowing that they were sure to see a "floor show" every time they entered the place, though such voyeurs certainly entered at their own risk.





Enter Ron and Kyla, who along with the owner of a nearby music club called "The Tractor" bought Hattie's in '96. Ron and Kyla publish the music magazine NO DEPRESSION, which celebrates country and rockabilly musical styles of the '50s in particular. Their taste for all things post-war "retro" extended to dives like Hattie's as well, so when they heard it was up for sale they dove right in, with the intention of not changing a goshdarned thing about everyone's favorite hellhole.



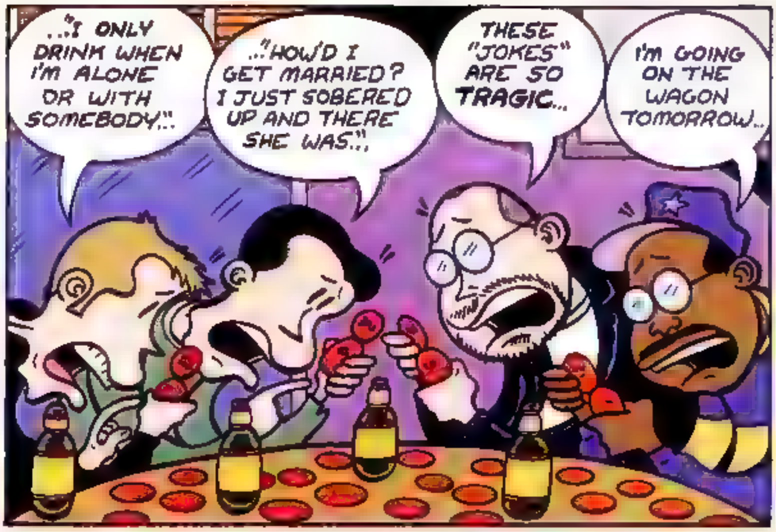
Ahh, if only life were that simple. For one thing, as funny as a raging drunk might be IN THEORY, the laughs die quick when one of them 'is punching your best customers in their respective kissers for no apparent reason. So before you know it there's a WHOLE LOTTA 86-in' goin' on. Then Hattie's long time "cook" cracked under the pressure of suddenly being expected to serve edible food, and took her talent for burning cheap ground beef elsewhere. Hey, those burgers used to cost only $2.35 for a reason!

Then came those high falootin' overpriced "microbrews." The addition of Ballard Bitter induced much bitterness amongst many of these old time Ballardites. "Beer that actually tastes good? At 3 bucks a pop?!? And you're not even allowed to PUNCH people in Hattie's anymore! What the hell is this world coming to?"

These Bukowski clones could barely even squeeze INTO Hattie's anymore, let alone punch people in it, what with all the sudden throngs of black-clad 20-somethings and their dot-com dollars hogging up the joint. Soon many of them were taking their business elsewhere, only to have their other homes-away-from-home pulled out from under them over and over again.

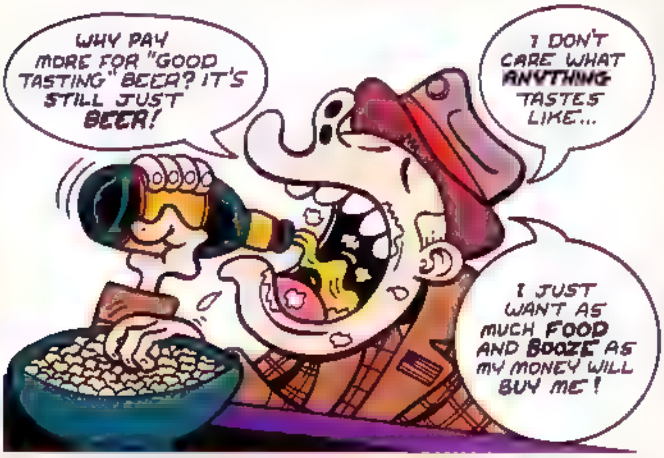
Eventually the old Sunset Tavern, as well as the "Vasa" (which gets MY vote as the most insane bar I've EVER been in, what with its toothless Eskimo women hanging out in the toilet and hitting on my brother-in-law's 70-year-old mother while she's trying to pee) were under new ownership as well, which currently leaves only the neon-lit, pull-tab happy "Smokeshop Lounge and Restaurant" as the one remaining genuine "dive" left on Ballard Ave's Tavern Row. They still don't serve any of those goddamn microbrews at the good ol' Smokeshop. It's either Bud or Rainier or Go Fuck Yerself! Hmmm... decisions, decisions... It's interesting how these All-American love-it-or-leave-it Archie Bunker types take a perverse pride in their LACK of choices.

The aptly named Smokeshop Lounge is choked with cigarette smoke. The last time I was there we took a booth vacated by this frustrated Pakistani guy who blew a ton of money on dozens of worthless pull tabs that he left all over the table. They were all from a series called "Suds Studs™," and each one had some pro-beer drinking "joke" in it (i.e.: "Eat right, Exercise, Drink lite beer, Die anyway"). These gags were "funny" only in the sense that alcoholism is "always funny," until you realize that a heroin addict could live by the same



exact philosophy: "Quit cold turkey, Stay clean, Die anyway." Haw haw haw! Good one! Or how about: "Blow entire pay check on pull tabs, Lose again, Go home alone again, Die anyway." Oh man, I SLAY myself! I could make a MILLION writin' this stuff!

The windbreaker-clad 50-somethings sitting at the Smokeroom's bar hate what's happened to Hattie's and the rest of the Row. They'll gladly rag on all these johnny-come-lately yuppies and hipsters at the drop of a hat. "These young kids spend money like it grows on trees! They never ask what a beer costs. They just order it and drink it! So of course all the bars want to cater to them." Good point! In fact, I'm surprised the Smokeroom's management hasn't 86'd all these cheapskates as well by now, and put a sign in the window saying "Yuppies and Hipsters Welcome!"



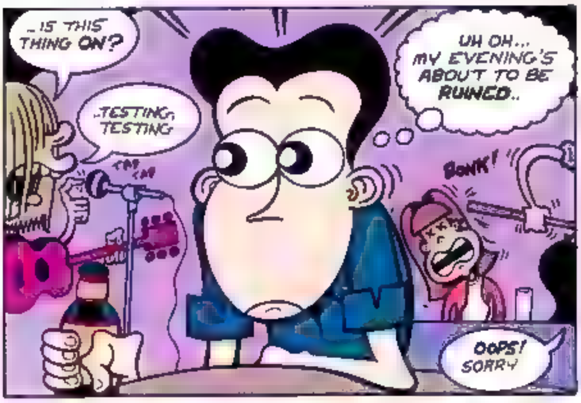
The old-timers know they're a dying breed, though, especially in this part of town. Their numbers have dwindled greatly since the Honeywell factory closed down, and they mostly live way up north in double-wide country anyway, which increases the risk of a DWI by driving this far for a drink or ten. It's a wonder dives like this still exist around here anymore. Old habits die hard, apparently.

Not all the old-timers are particularly upset about the recent changes, however. For example, the barmaid in the Smokeroom LOVES the fact that the Sunset Tavern next door (which is now basically a music venue) only has a beer and wine license, which compels some of their customers to pop on over for a quick stiff shot of something harder now and then. "These young fellahs are always polite, and they tip well. What do I care if they're 'yuppies'? It's fine with me if they completely take over the block," says the suddenly tolerant, open-minded barmaid. Ka-ching!

The same goes for the handful of the old-timers who still hang out at Hattie's. They're actually GLAD that the more belligerent drunks are gone for good, and they no longer have to keep one eye on them as they try to nurse their beer in peace. Instead they get to keep both eyes on the cute young fillies who are suddenly hanging out at the joint -- a vast improvement over the shrieking, toothless hags who traditionally dominated these places, and would bash you over the head just for looking at them funny. Don't let 'em kid ya, folks: these old fuckers are in seventh heaven!

While Ol' Bessie the Barmaid may not have a problem with the "new and improved" Sunset, I sure do. For one

thing, the last thing I wanna deal with when I step out for a drink is LIVE MUSIC. At least at a rock club you know that all conversation will come to a crashing halt as soon as the music starts, but



even a small jazz combo or a solo performer with an acoustic guitar can be a conversation killer. You STILL have to shout over them, feeling rude for doing so all the while.

I also incorrectly assumed that I saw the last of any longhaired white guys wielding a folk guitar while singing plaintive self-penned love songs about relationships that have gone sour when the '70s ended, but now they're all over the place again! What sin did we commit to bring about the return of this pestilence? And who decided that this humorless whining counts as "entertainment"? Why can't they just sing some old Roger Miller tunes that the rest of us can sing along with? Now THAT would be entertaining!

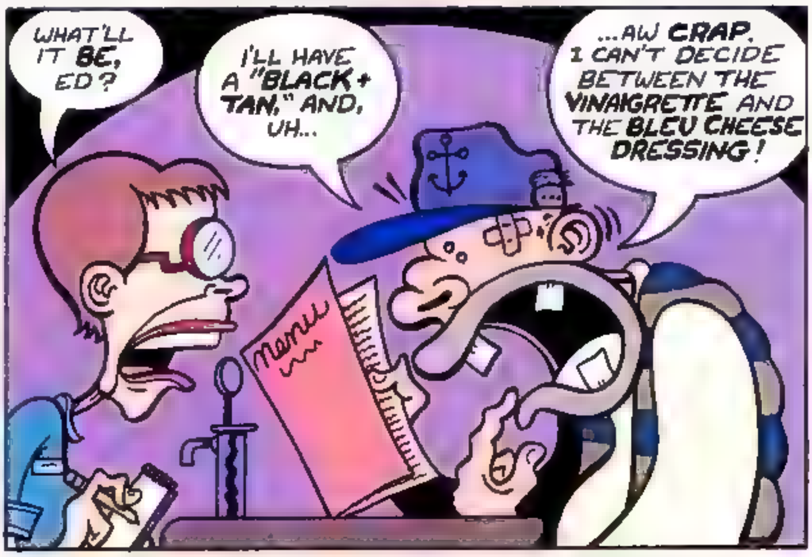
The other bane of my bar-going existence is the sudden proliferation of POOL TABLES. Those goddamned space hogs barely FIT in most bars, and I often find myself ducking the butt end of a pool cue as it's being mishandled by some overly-tattooed "tough guy" or gal (who most likely has a Masters in 19th Century German Philosophy or some other useless degree). Why can't they just go to a POOL HALL instead? Isn't that what those places are FOR? It's like somebody getting a game of NINE PINS or bocce ball going and having the balls roll under your feet as you try to "relax" and converse with your friends.

Then again, I never understood why bars have always allowed drunks to play DARTS in their establishments, either — why not have KNIFE THROWING CONTESTS as well? — but I'll save that rant for another day.

My gut instinct, along with everyone else's, is to bemoan this changeover from "real" to FAUX-working class hangouts, but to be honest I really don't care. It would be extremely phony of me — or anyone else who isn't a non-blue collar grunt — to pretend to really MISS the places that cater to them.

It's a curious thing, this self-hatred that's so often exhibited by young urban folks when they criticize any establishment that's full of people who are JUST LIKE THEM. "Look at that place! It's full of hipsters!" So? That's like a cross-dressing Taiwanese welder proclaiming "I'd never go into that bar — It's full of cross-dressing Taiwanese welders! I wanna go to a place that's REAL, man!" "Real" meaning any place that doesn't have anyone like him in it, apparently.

There's no such thing as "cultural purity." EVERYTHING is a hybrid. At one time Tiki Bars were considered tasteless abominations, yet now people actually want to celebrate, restore and preserve these one-time cultural anomalies, along with the so-called "culture" that goes with it. And why not? If such cross-pollinations had no appeal



they would've never existed in the first place.

I like the "new" Hattie's Hat. I like that they preserved the crusty old feel of the joint, while at the same time serving food and drink that are digestible. One could argue that that makes the place "neither here nor there," but you could also argue that it now encompasses the best of both worlds, while simultaneously becoming something altogether different. Something that serves the "new" Ballard's tastes and needs. And there's nothing wrong with that. It's called good business sense!

Now somebody pass the friggin' Grey Poupon!

The strip below was done as a T-shirt design for a Seattle rock club that went out of business shortly afterwards. It turns out too many people really DID call the cops to complain about the noise! — P.B.

Thanks to everyone who played, all the crazy acts and parties. Special thanks to all the volunteers, loyal patrons, rockers and donators of absurd decor, The Spits, Chris Trashcan, Eskimo Joe, Lawrence, Rob, Marcel, Li & Jennie, Mike B, Alex R, Perry, Sam & John, Jessie, Jeff L, Betsy, Joe P, Mark M, Steve, Walter & Randy.

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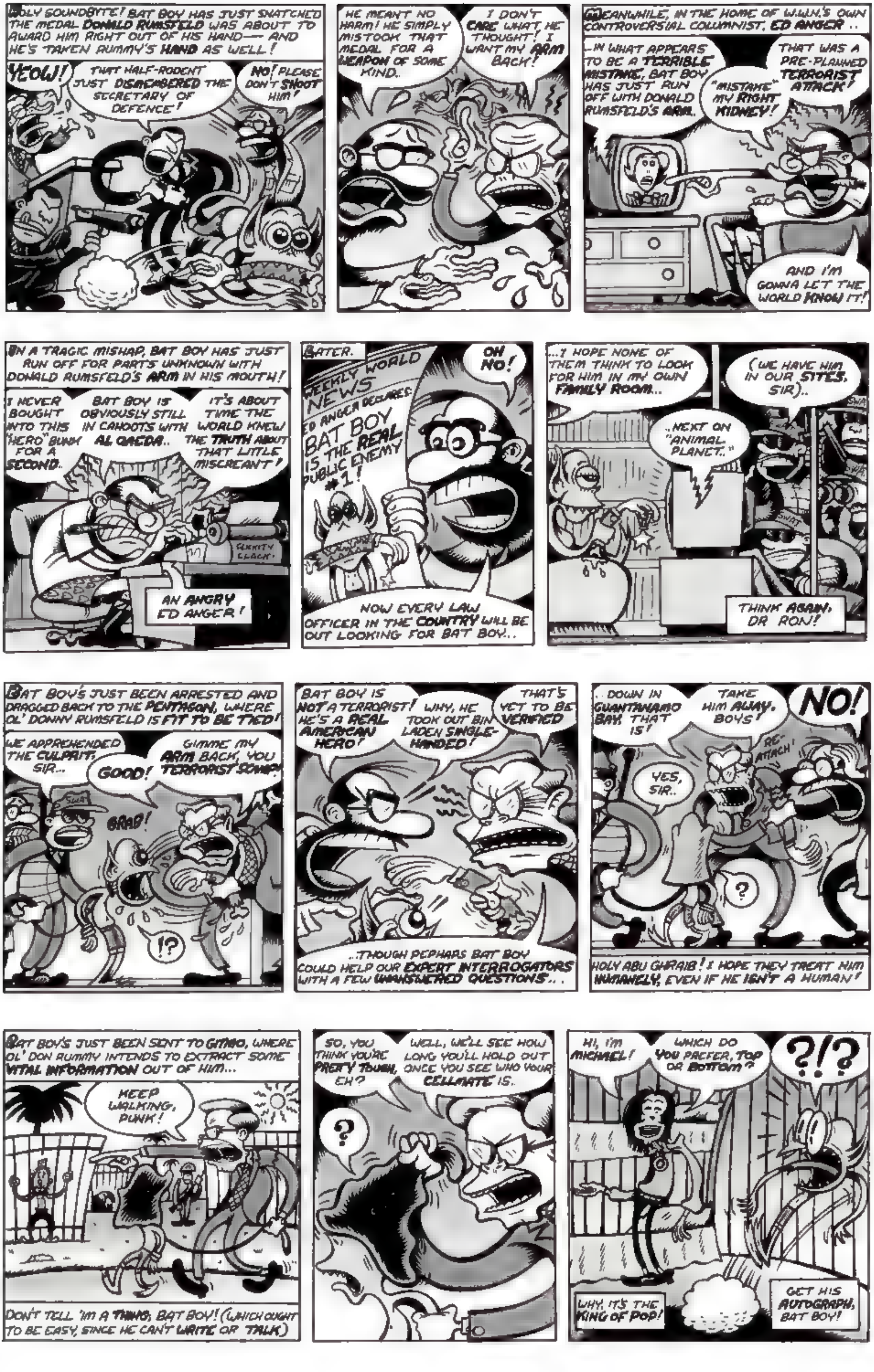
A RADIOACTIVELY ENLARGED BAT BOY IS WREAKING HAVOC ON BIN LADEN'S COMPOUND.
THAT DEMON MUST HAVE BEEN SENT BY THE C.I.A.!
FLEE WHILE YOU STILL CAN, OSAMA!
FLEE FROM A CHILD? NEVER!
SUMMON HIM AT ONCE!
GWARRR!
AS HE APPROACHES OSAMA, BAT BOY SUDDENLY RETURNS TO HIS NORMAL SIZE...
AH-HA! YOU SEE? HE IS SO HUMBLED BY MY PRESENCE THAT HE—
SHREEEIK!
?!?
BAT BOY HAS JUST PULLED OFF A SURPRISE ATTACK ON PUBLIC ENEMY #1: OSAMA BIN LADEN!
OSAMA IS STILL ALIVE!
ALLAH BE PRAISED!
YES, BUT THAT CUTE LIL SPAWN OF SATAN HAS JUST BITTEN HIS NOSE OFF...
SKREE! SKUEE!
...AND WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO MAKE ANOTHER TAPE TO SEND TO AL JAZEERA!
HOW CAN WE POSSIBLY INCITE A JIHAD NOW?
HMMM... I HAVE AN IDEA...
LATER, IN THE WHITE HOUSE.
ARE YOU SURE THAT'S BIN LADEN? HE LOOKS... DIFFERENT SOMEHOW...
OUR INTELLIGENCE HAS CONFIRMED THAT IT IS INDEED HIM, SIR.
SKREEE! SKREEEE!!
OUR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IS BAMBOOZLED INTO THINKING BAT BOY IS BIN LADEN!
SHREEE! SKWEEE!
WHAT ON EARTH IS THIS MADMAN SAYING?
I'M NOT SURE.
TRANSLATE-O-MATIC
...SOMETHING ABOUT INSECTS BEING DELICIOUS?
MEANWHILE, THE W.W.N.'S OWN ED ANGER IS WATCHING AS WELL...
...SHREEE! SKWEEE!
SHRIEK ALL YOU WANT, OSAMA. YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED.
TURKEY GRAVY
JUMPIN' JEHOSHAPHAT! THAT AIN'T BIN LADEN! THAT'S BAT BOY!
SHREEE OOOO
I ALWAYS KNEW THAT RABID HALF-BREED WAS UP TO NO GOOD.
AND NOW I KNOW IT FOR A FACT.
BAT BOY IS A TERRORIST!
WHILE THE WORLD WATCHES BAT BOY'S BIN LADEN IMPERSONATION, THE W.W.N.'S OWN ED ANGER GETS TO WORK ON HIS LATEST HARD-HITTING COLUMN...
SKREE-OOWEE-OOWEE...
I'M ON TO YOU, OSAMA BIN BAT BOY!
AND ONCE MY EXPOSÉ SEES PRINT SO WILL EVERYBODY ELSE!
CLICKITY CLACK
LATER, IN THE LABORATORY OF DR. RON DILLON (THE ONLY PERSON WHO TRULY CARES ABOUT BAT BOY)...
SIGH... FIRST BAT BOY IS KIDNAPPED BY TERRORISTS.
AND NOW HE'S ACCUSED OF BEING ONE HIMSELF!?
I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM BEFORE OUR OWN MILITARY GETS TO HIM AND SENDS HIM OFF TO GITMO!
WEEKLY WORLD NEWS
MEANWHILE, AT AN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT...
Y-YOU GENTLEMEN AREN'T TERRORISTS, ARE YOU?
ER, THAT MEANS "NO"
(YOU SAID THESE HAWAIIAN SHIRTS WOULD MAKE US INCONSPICUOUS!)
SHREE!
AIRLINES
?!? BAT BOY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

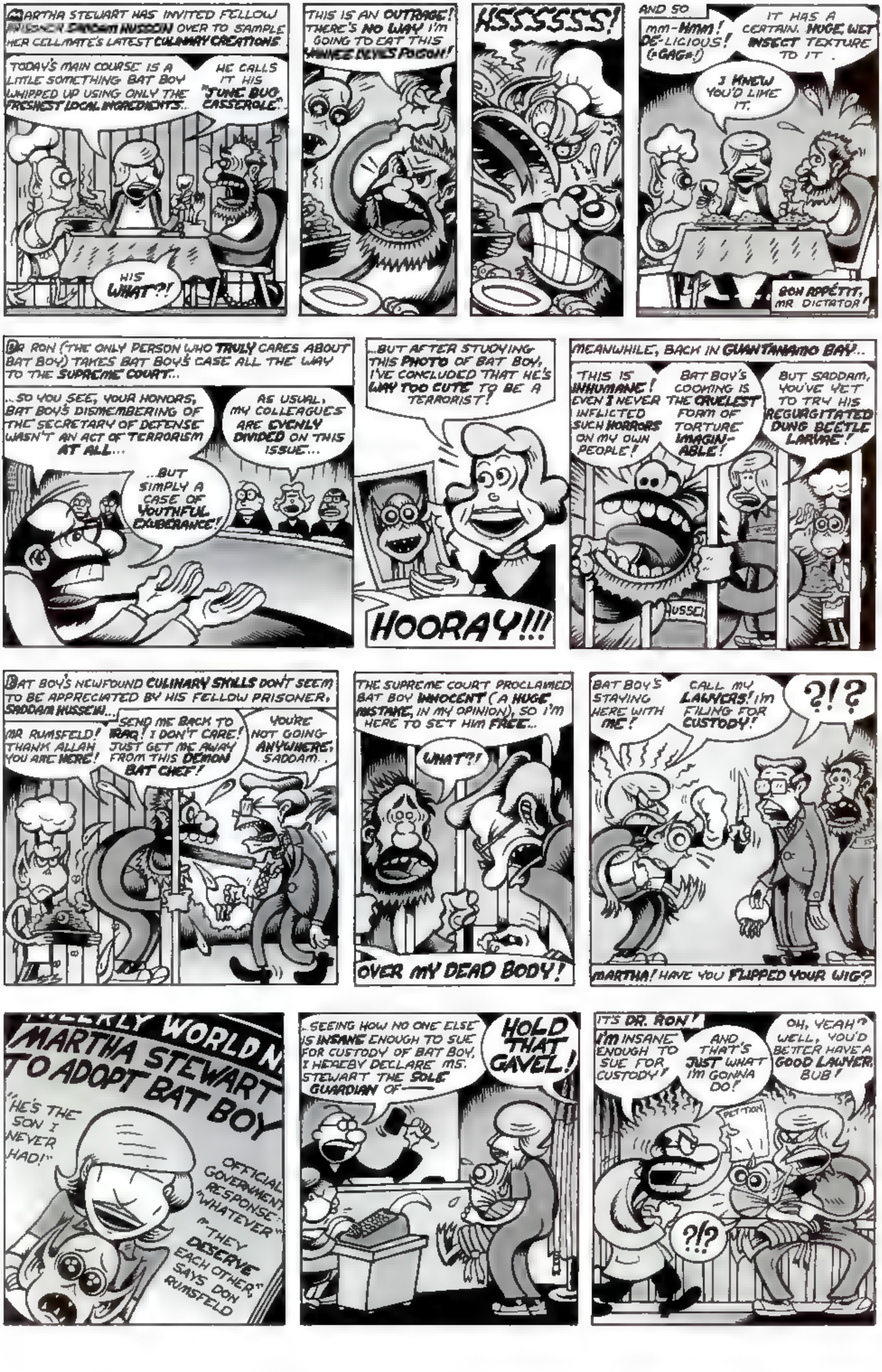
THINGS ARE LOOKING GRIM, FOLKS! BAT BOY IS FLYING EN ROUTE TO WASHINGTON D.C. WITH A PAIR OF KNOWN TERRORISTS! ALL THE MORE REASON TO TAKE GREYHOUND, I'D SAY!
(WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, YOU ATTACK THE PILOT, BAT BOY)...
OH DEAR... THESE CHICKEN AND AVOCADO WRAPS LOOK RANCID.
(SHRICK).
THROW 'EM AWAY, THEN..
NOBODY LIKES THOSE THINGS ANYWAY
NO KIDDING.
TOSS!
EW! BAT BOY! THAT'S GROSS!
RUMMAGE FORAGE
SKREE?
OOH! CHICKEN AND AVOCADO WRAPS!
MY FAVORITE!
COULD OUR HERO HAVE A PLAN OF HIS OWN?
AS SOON AS LUNCH IS OVER, BAT BOY'S TERRORIST CELL LEADER SHOUTS OUT THE SIGNAL FOR HIM TO COMMANDEER THE COCKPIT..
"REMEMBER THE ALAMO"!
?!?
ZIP!
UGHHH.. I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD..
IYEEEEEE!
BASH!
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
BY A GREMLIN!
HOLY BAT GUANO! DON'T TELL ME OUR HERO'S GOING ALONG WITH THIS DASTARDLY SCHEME!
YEE-HAW!
AND WHEN DID HE LEARN HOW TO FLY?!
BOING! BOING!
BAT BOY'S HIJACKED A PASSENGER PLANE, AND IS AIMING IT DIRECTLY TOWARDS PLANET EARTH!
BEEEYOW...!
AAAAAA!
BUT WAIT! NOW HE'S LEVELLING OFF, AND IS PREPARING TO LAND IN AN ABANDONED AIRFIELD..
WILD BLUE YONDER
I CAN'T REACH MY DRINK!
I WANT MY HAT BACK!
GROPE! REACH!
MEANWHILE, BAT BOY'S TWO JIHADIST COHORTS ARE TOO PREOCCUPIED TO TAKE PART IN THE HIJACKING..
BLORF! OUR LUNCH MUST HAVE HAD PORK IN IT...
I FEAR OUR PLAN HAS BEEN FOILED
HORRUP!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE! LET'S GET 'EM!
ER, I'D RATHER WAIT 'TIL THEY STOP BARFING..
THIS IS A NEW SUIT I'M WEARING.
BAT BOY HAS MIRACULOUSLY LANDED THE HIJACKED AIRLINER, AS EVERYONE SAFELY DISEMBARKS.
HOORAY! WE'RE SAFELY DISEMBARKING!
WAIT A MINUTE — WHERE ARE WE?!
BAT BOY
EVERYONE, THAT IS, EXCEPT FOR A PAIR OF TERRORISTS, WHO ARE STILL REGURGITATING THE CHICKEN AND AVOCADO WRAPS THEY HAD FOR LUNCH.
SAY, THIS REMINDS ME OF AN AIRLINE FOOD JOKE I ONCE HEARD
PLEASE, DON'T! I'M SICK ENOUGH AS IT IS..
BLARF!
ONCE THE LAST PASSENGER HAS EXITED, BAT BOY SUDDENLY TAKES OFF AGAIN.
VROOOOOOOM!
THAT CRAZY GREMLIN'S STRANDED US IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!
WHERE THE HECK IS HE GOING?!
WHERE INDEED!?

THE TERRORISTS' SKY-JACKING SCHEME HAS BEEN FOILED--AND NOW THEY KNOW WHY!
BAT BOY! YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO FREE THE HOSTAGES!
WHERE'S THE FUN IN THAT?
YOU'RE THE WORST TERRORIST I'VE EVER MET!
!
PHONE BOOK
MEANWHILE, DR RON DILLON RETRACES THE FOOTSTEPS BAT BOY LEFT BEHIND BACK IN AFGHANISTAN.
IT'S A GOOD THING BAT BOY WAS TEMPORARILY A RADIOACTIVE GIANT* OR I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO FOLLOW HIS TRAIL
WHICH SEEMS TO BE LEADING TO THAT CAVE OFF IN THE DISTANCE..
*AS SEEN IN THE MARCH 9/04 ISSUE OF THE W.W.N.!
GASP!
COULD THAT CAVE POSSIBLY BE THE SECRET HIDEOUT OF OSAMA BIN LADEN?!?
NEVER MIND THAT! WHAT'S THAT BEHIND YOU, DOCTOR?
DR. RON DILLON (THE ONLY PERSON WHO TRULY CARES ABOUT BAT BOY) HAS JUST STUMBLED UPON BIN LADEN'S SECRET HIDEOUT, WHEN SUDDENLY....
BEEEYOW...
MY STARS! THAT PLANE IS FLYING DANGEROUSLY LOW!
SOMEONE SHOULD REPORT IT TO THE F.A.A.
GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S HEADING RIGHT FOR THAT CAVE!
OH, THE HUMANITY!
SMASH!
WHO CARES ABOUT THE HUMANITY!! WHAT ABOUT BAT BOY?!?
DR RON HAS JUST WITNESSED THE ULTIMATE REVENGE, AS A JUMBO JET (PILOTED BY OUR OWN BAT BOY) FLEW RIGHT INTO BIN LADEN'S SECRET HIDEOUT!
I PERSONALLY AM OPPOSED TO THE USE OF VIOLENCE TO SETTLE DISPUTES
..BUT THAT BEING SAID GOOD RIDDANCE!
—BUT WAIT! WHAT IF BAT BOY WAS STILL BEING HELD CAPTIVE IN THERE?
WHAT HAS BECOME OF THAT BUG-EATING, POINTY-EARRED SON-I-NEVER-HAD?
SOB
?
SKREE?
WEEKLY WORLD NEWS
ELVIS, BIGFOOT AND NESSIE CAUGHT IN A LOVERS TRIANGLE!
BAT BOY EXTERMINATES BIN LADEN!
MASTERMIND'S HIDEOUT DEMOLISHED IN DARING AERIAL ATTACK!
HERO'S WELCOME TO BE HELD AT THE PENTAGON
LATER, AT THE PENTAGON..
...FOR BRAVERY FAR ABOVE AND BEYOND A YOUNG BAT'S DUTY, I HEREBY PRESENT BAT BOY WITH THIS NATIONAL MEDAL OF WONDERFULNESS
WHAT AN HONOR!
IYEEEEE!
?!?
BAT BOY! NOOO!!



HOLY SOUNDBYTE! BAT BOY HAS JUST SNATCHED THE MEDAL DONALD RUMSFELD WAS ABOUT TO AWARD HIM RIGHT OUT OF HIS HAND— AND HE'S TAKEN RUMMY'S HAND AS WELL!
YEOW!
THAT HALF-RODENT JUST DISMEMBERED THE SECRETARY OF DEFENCE!
NO! PLEASE DON'T SHOOT HIM!
HE MEANT NO HARM! HE SIMPLY MISTOOK THAT MEDAL FOR A WEAPON OF SOME KIND..
I DON'T CARE WHAT HE THOUGHT! I WANT MY ARM BACK!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HOME OF W.W.N.'S OWN CONTROVERSIAL COLUMNIST, ED ANGER ..
..IN WHAT APPEARS TO BE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE, BAT BOY HAS JUST RUN OFF WITH DONALD RUMSFELD'S ARM.
"MISTAKE" MY RIGHT KIDNEY!
THAT WAS A PRE-PLANNED TERRORIST ATTACK!
AND I'M GONNA LET THE WORLD KNOW IT!
IN A TRAGIC MISHAP, BAT BOY HAS JUST RUN OFF FOR PARTS UNKNOWN WITH DONALD RUMSFELD'S ARM IN HIS MOUTH!
I NEVER BOUGHT INTO THIS "HERO" BUNK FOR A SECOND..
BAT BOY IS OBVIOUSLY STILL IN CAHOOTS WITH AL QAEDA..
IT'S ABOUT TIME THE WORLD KNEW THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT LITTLE MISCREANT!
CLICKITY CLACK!
AN ANGRY ED ANGER!
LATER.
WEEKLY WORLD NEWS
ED ANGER DECLARES: BAT BOY IS THE REAL PUBLIC ENEMY #1!
OH NO!
NOW EVERY LAW OFFICER IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE OUT LOOKING FOR BAT BOY...
...I HOPE NONE OF THEM THINK TO LOOK FOR HIM IN MY OWN FAMILY ROOM..
(WE HAVE HIM IN OUR SITES, SIR)..
..NEXT ON "ANIMAL PLANET.."
THINK AGAIN, DR RON!
BAT BOY'S JUST BEEN ARRESTED AND DRAGGED BACK TO THE PENTAGON, WHERE OL' DONNY RUMSFELD IS FIT TO BE TIED!
WE APPREHENDED THE CULPRIT, SIR..
GOOD!
GIMME MY ARM BACK, YOU TERRORIST SCUMP!
GRAB!
!?
BAT BOY IS NOT A TERRORIST! HE'S A REAL AMERICAN HERO!
WHY, HE TOOK OUT BIN LADEN SINGLE-HANDED!
THAT'S YET TO BE VERIFIED
..THOUGH PEPHAPS BAT BOY COULD HELP OUR EXPERT INTERROGATORS WITH A FEW UNANSWERED QUESTIONS...
..DOWN IN GUANTANAMO BAY, THAT IS!
TAKE HIM AWAY, BOYS!
NO!
YES, SIR..
RE-ATTACH!
?
HOLY ABU GHRAIB! I HOPE THEY TREAT HIM HUMANELY, EVEN IF HE ISN'T A HUMAN!
BAT BOY'S JUST BEEN SENT TO GITMO, WHERE OL' DON RUMMY INTENDS TO EXTRACT SOME VITAL INFORMATION OUT OF HIM...
KEEP WALKING, PUNK!
DON'T TELL 'IM A THING, BAT BOY! (WHICH OUGHT TO BE EASY, SINCE HE CAN'T WRITE OR TALK)
SO, YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY TOUGH, EH?
WELL, WE'LL SEE HOW LONG YOU'LL HOLD OUT ONCE YOU SEE WHO YOUR CELLMATE IS..
?
HI, I'M MICHAEL!
WHICH DO YOU PREFER, TOP OR BOTTOM?
?!?
WHY, IT'S THE KING OF POP!
GET HIS AUTOGRAPH, BAT BOY!

NOW INAPPROPRIATE! BAT BOY'S GITMO CELLMATE IS NONE OTHER THAN THE KING OF POP MICHAEL JACKSON! SOMEONE CALL C.P.S.! OR CALL THE A.S.P.C.A!
RELAX, BAT BOY!
HERE, HAVE SOME JESUS JUICE!
SKREEE! SKWIEE!
STOP SHACKING, BAT BOY.
I WAS JUST INFORMED THAT THIS, ER, "LIVING ARRANGEMENT" IS IN VIOLATION OF THE GENEVA CONVENTIONS..
BUT, MY LOVE FOR BAT BOY IS PURELY PLATONIC, I ASSURE YOU.
WE NEVER EVEN GOT TO PLAY NAKED GAMES! =SOB!=
LITTLE DOES BAT BOY KNOW THAT WE'RE SHACKING HIM UP WITH THE TOUGHEST PRISONER OF ALL! HEH HEH, HEH.
COME ALONG, BAT BOY..
THE TOUGHEST? WHO MIGHT THAT BE?!
RUMSFELD IS ESCORTING BAT BOY TO HIS NEW GITMO JAIL CELL — ONE THAT ALSO HOUSES THE MOST NOTORIOUS LAW-BREAKER OF ALL!
YOU'VE MET YOUR MATCH THIS TIME, BAT BOY..
NYAH HA HA!
THIS IS WHAT WE DO TO CRIMINALS WHO REFUSE TO COOPERATE!
?!?
DONALD, THE HEM ON MY PRISON PONCHO IS WAY TOO UNEVEN!
SOMEONE BETTER ALTER IT NOW OR THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY!
WHAT TH?!? IS THAT... MARTHA?!?
IT LOOKS LIKE BAT BOY'S FINALLY MET HIS MATCH IN THE FORM OF HIS GITMO CELLMATE, MARTHA STEWART!
LISTEN, PUNK. I CALL THE SHOTS AROUND HERE, SEE?
I'M YOUR WORST NIGHT-MARE!
IF THIS ISN'T TORTURE, I DUNNO WHAT IS!
SUDDENLY
EW! IT'S ONE OF THOSE HORRID INSECTS!
I SWEAR, THIS PLACE IS FIT FOR NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST
BZZZZZ
ZAP!
?!?
GULP!
SAY, YOU JUST MIGHT COME IN HANDY AROUND HERE.
DO YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE A SOUFFLÉ?
DO MINE EYES DECEIVE ME, OR HAS MARTHA STEWART ACCOMPLISHED THE IMPOSSIBLE BY DOMESTICATING HER YOUNG GITMO CELLMATE?
I WISH WE HAD BETTER COOKING EQUIPMENT THAN THIS OLD E-Z BAKE OVEN...
BUT WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM OUR VINDICTIVE AND OVER-REACHING FEDERAL GOVERNMENT!
SKREE
YOUR SOUFFLÉ SHOULD BE READY BY NOW, BAT BOY.
FLOP!
TRY NOT TO TAKE YOUR ANGER OUT ON THE APPLIANCES, BAT BOY..
THAT'S WHAT PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS ARE FOR..

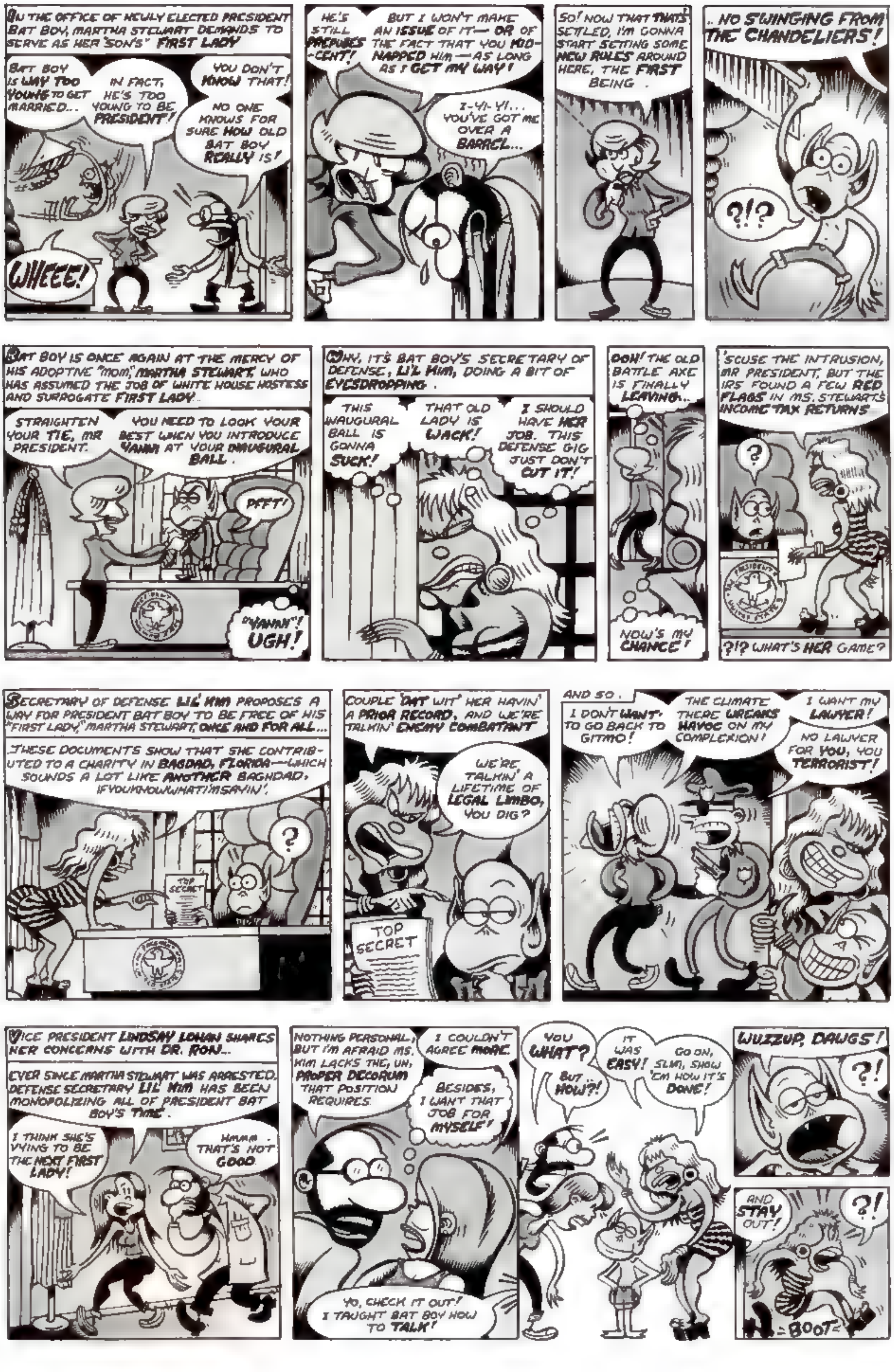

MARTHA STEWART HAS INVITED FELLOW PRISONER SADDAM HUSSEIN OVER TO SAMPLE HER CELLMATE'S LATEST CULINARY CREATIONS.
TODAY'S MAIN COURSE IS A LITTLE SOMETHING BAT BOY WHIPPED UP USING ONLY THE FRESHEST LOCAL INGREDIENTS...
HE CALLS IT HIS "JUNE BUG CASSEROLE".
HIS WHAT?!
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO EAT THIS YANKEE DEVIL'S POISON!
HSSSSSSS!
AND SO
mm-HMM! DE-LICIOUS! (*GAG*!)
IT HAS A CERTAIN, HUGE, WET INSECT TEXTURE TO IT.
I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT.
BON APPÉTIT, MR DICTATOR!
DR RON (THE ONLY PERSON WHO TRULY CARES ABOUT BAT BOY) TAKES BAT BOY'S CASE ALL THE WAY TO THE SUPREME COURT...
...SO YOU SEE, YOUR HONORS, BAT BOY'S DISMEMBERING OF THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE WASN'T AN ACT OF TERRORISM AT ALL...
AS USUAL, MY COLLEAGUES ARE EVENLY DIVIDED ON THIS ISSUE...
...BUT SIMPLY A CASE OF YOUTHFUL EXUBERANCE!
...BUT AFTER STUDYING THIS PHOTO OF BAT BOY, I'VE CONCLUDED THAT HE'S WAY TOO CUTE TO BE A TERRORIST!
HOORAY!!!
MEANWHILE, BACK IN GUANTANAMO BAY...
THIS IS INHUMANE! EVEN I NEVER INFLICTED SUCH HORRORS ON MY OWN PEOPLE!
BAT BOY'S COOKING IS THE CRUELEST FORM OF TORTURE IMAGINABLE!
BUT SADDAM, YOU'VE YET TO TRY HIS REGURGITATED DUNG BEETLE LARVAE!
HUSSEI
BAT BOY'S NEWFOUND CULINARY SKILLS DON'T SEEM TO BE APPRECIATED BY HIS FELLOW PRISONER, SADDAM HUSSEIN...
MR RUMSFELD! THANK ALLAH YOU ARE HERE!
SEND ME BACK TO IRAQ! I DON'T CARE! JUST GET ME AWAY FROM THIS DEMON BAT CHEF!
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, SADDAM..
THE SUPREME COURT PROCLAIMED BAT BOY INNOCENT (A HUGE MISTAKE, IN MY OPINION), SO I'M HERE TO SET HIM FREE...
WHAT?!
OVER MY DEAD BODY!
BAT BOY'S STAYING HERE WITH ME!
CALL MY LAWYERS! I'M FILING FOR CUSTODY!
?!?
MARTHA! HAVE YOU FLIPPED YOUR WIG?
WEEKLY WORLD N
MARTHA STEWART TO ADOPT BAT BOY
"HE'S THE SON I NEVER HAD!"
OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT RESPONSE: "WHATEVER"
"THEY DESERVE EACH OTHER," SAYS DON RUMSFELD
...SEEING HOW NO ONE ELSE IS INSANE ENOUGH TO SUE FOR CUSTODY OF BAT BOY, I HEREBY DECLARE MS. STEWART THE SOLE GUARDIAN OF—
HOLD THAT GAVEL!
IT'S DR. RON!
I'M INSANE ENOUGH TO SUE FOR CUSTODY!
AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GONNA DO!
PETITION
OH, YEAH? WELL, YOU'D BETTER HAVE A GOOD LAWYER, BUB!
?!?

IT'S A BATTLE ROYAL BETWEEN DR. RON AND MARTHA STEWART OVER THE CUSTODY OF BAT BOY!
..ONLY I HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE AND SENSITIVITY TO APPRECIATE BAT BOY'S UNIQUE CULTURAL BACKGROUND..
BACKGROUND SHMACKGROUND. MY CLIENT IS RICH.
HO-HUM...
YOUR CLIENT IS IN PRISON! AND BAT BOY WILL HAVE TO STAY THERE WITH HER IF SHE WINS CUSTODY!
BUT ONCE THEY'RE FREE HE'LL BE LIVING IN THE LAP OF LUXURY —SOMETHING THAT BAT BOY IS VERY MUCH LOOKING FORWARD TO...
IF HE'S SO EAGER TO BE WITH HER THEN WHY IS SHE SITTING ON HIM?!
HE'S JUST A BIT HYPER, IS ALL
NOTHING THAT A HEALTHY DOSE OF RITALIN COULDN'T CURE.
UMPF! HMPF!
THE CUSTODY BATTLE OVER BAT BOY BETWEEN MARTHA AND DR. RON IS STARTING TO GET DIRTY..
OUR EVIDENCE SHOWS THAT DR RON ONCE RENTED A VIDEO CALLED "HUSKIES IN HEAT"!
THAT WAS A NATURE FILM!
ZZZZZ...
THESE PEOPLE ARE KILLING ME WITH THEIR FALSE ACCUSATIONS...
TIME TO FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE, I'D SAY...
YOUR HONOR, IT HAS RECENTLY COME TO MY ATTENTION THAT AMERICA'S FOREMOST LIFESTYLE MAVEN HAPPENS TO BE..
...ALLERGIC TO BATS!
WHAT?!
WHY, THAT'S A BALD-FACED LIE!!!
?!?
ORDER IN THE COURT!
IN THE HEAT OF A CUSTODY BATTLE OVER BAT BOY, DR RON SUDDENLY MADE A STARTLING REVELATION: MARTHA STEWART IS ALLERGIC TO BATS!
OMIGOD! I'M ITCHING ALL OVER!
?
I REST MY CASE, YOUR HONOR!
ORDER IN THE COURT!
BAM!
BAM! BAM!
I KNEW THIS ITCHING POWDER WOULD COME IN HANDY ONE DAY!
THIS THREE RING CIRCUS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH...
I HEREBY AWARD CUSTODY OF BAT BOY TO...
..MS. MARTHA STEWART!
?!? BUT, WHY?!
BECAUSE EVERY BOY NEEDS A MOTHER—EVEN IF SHE IS ALLERGIC TO HIM!
YES!
FOR ONCE, JUSTICE HAS PREVAILED!
?!?
BAM!
WHY, THIS ISN'T JUSTICE! THIS IS A TRAVESTY!
MARTHA STEWART HAS FINALLY BEEN RELEASED FROM PRISON, AND HAS JUST RETURNED TO HER FABULOUS WESTPORT, CT HOME—ACCOMPANIED BY HER NEWLY ADOPTED "SON," BAT BOY.
.. AND THIS IS THE PANTRY, WHERE ALL THE WONDROUS PRODUCTS OF NATURE'S BOUNTY ARE STORED...
.. AND HERE'S THE VERANDA, WHERE WE SHALL SOON BE ENJOYING A LOVELY AFTERNOON TEA WITH SOME OF MY LADY FRIENDS.
YAWN!
LOOK AT THAT GET UP SHE'S GOT HIM WEARING! WHY, THAT'S CHILD ABUSE!
WHAT IS IT, BAT BOY? DON'T YOU WANT TO MEET MY LADY FRIENDS?
YOU WILL ONCE YOU SEE WHAT HUGE CELEBRITIES THEY ARE!
YOU LIKE CELEBRITIES, DON'T YOU?
SKREEP!?*
PINCH!
*"OWW! AND WHAT'S A CELEBRITY!?"

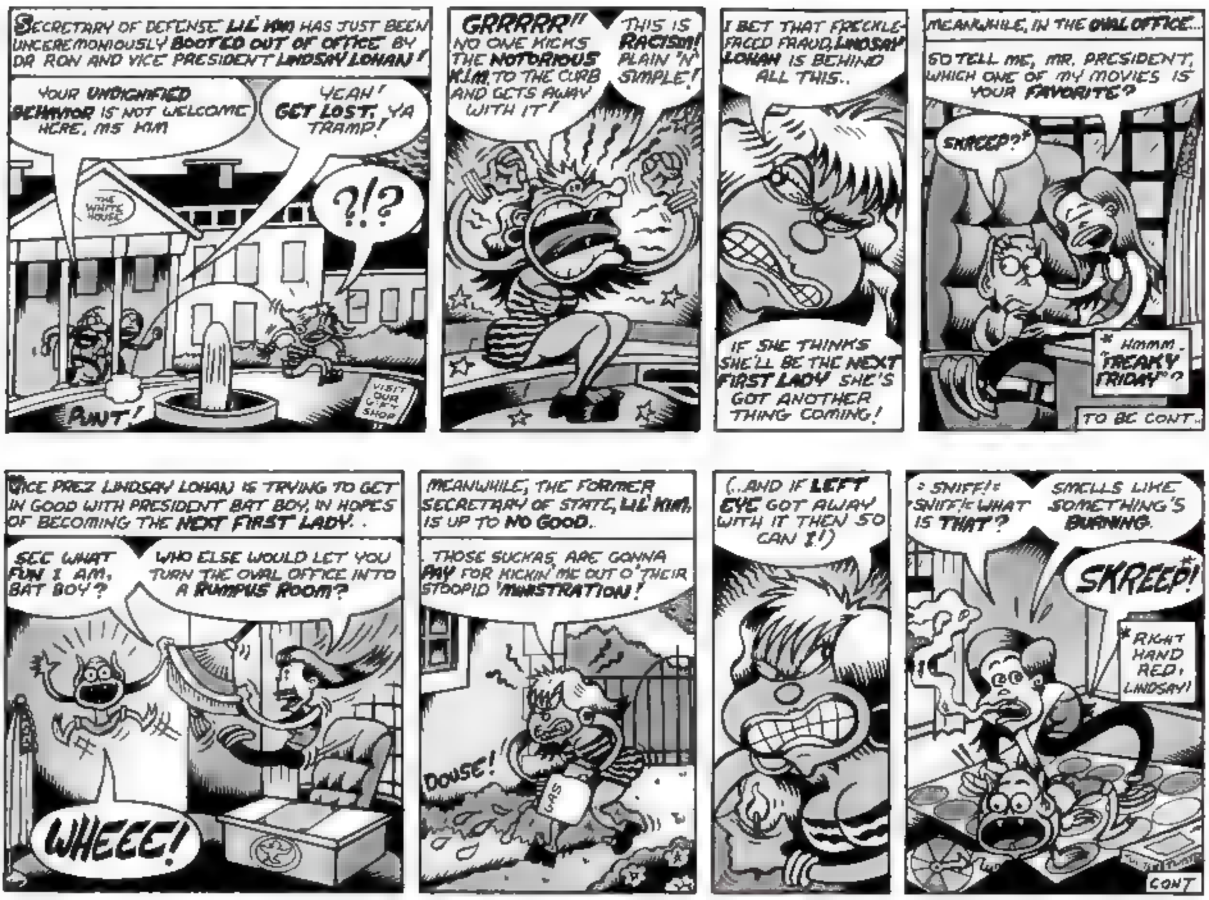
MARTHA DRAGS THE SISSY-FIED BAT BOY OUT ONTO THE VERANDA TO MEET TWO OF HER FAMOUS LADY FRIENDS...
OPRAH, ROSIE, THIS IS MY NEWLY ADOPTED SON, BAT BOY!
"BAT BOY"— WHAT AN INTRIGUING NAME!
WHERE DID YOU BUY HIM? CHINA?
(PSST! STAND UP STRAIGHT!)
HE'S 100% AMERICAN, I'M PROUD TO SAY...
THOUGH HE'S A VERY RARE BREED: HALF BOY AND HALF BAT
FASCINATING
OOH! I WANT ONE O' THOSE!
LOOKIT THOSE EARS! SO CUTE! I WANNA FEEL 'EM..
?
ER, I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU.
CHOMP!
EEK! GET 'IM OFF A' ME!!!
SIGH. NOW I'VE GOT BLOOD ON MY BRAND NEW BLOUSE...
THE EASILY PROVOKED BAT BOY IS GIVEN A "TIME OUT" BY HIS NEW "MOM," MARTHA STEWART, AFTER COMMITTING YET ANOTHER IMPISH MISDEED..
...AND YOU'RE STAYING IN THIS PANTRY UNTIL YOU APOLOGIZE TO ROSIE O'DONNELL FOR BITING HER FACE OFF!
GAAAH! SOMEBODY HELP ME!
I HAVE NO FACE!
OPRAH! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
I'M DIALING 911, OF COURSE!
EEYAH! I CAN'T SEE!
YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING!
THE LAST THING I NEED IS MORE NEGATIVE PUBLICITY!
BUT, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
—I KNOW! I'LL CALL MY PLASTIC SURGEON.
HE CAN WORK MIRACLES. JUST LOOK AT ME!
—OOH! CAN HE MAKE ME LOOK LIKE TOM CRUISE?
BAT BOY IS SERVING A "TIME OUT" IN HIS NEW "MOM" MARTHA'S PANTRY, WHILE A PLASTIC SURGEON TRIES TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE HE'S DONE TO ROSIE'S FACE...
TAKE YOUR TIME, DOC, WHILE I THINK OF A SUITABLE PUNISHMENT FOR BAT BOY.
ARE YOU READY FOR THE UNVEILING, MS. O'DONNELL?
OOH! YES! I CAN'T WAIT!
OPRAH! GET ME A MIRROR!
GASP! ROSIE! YOU LOOK JUST LIKE TOM CRUISE!
I KNOW! IT'S JUST WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED!
DON'T I LOOK HANDSOME?
EEEK!
WHAT IS IT, MARTHA? DON'T YOU LIKE MY NEW LOOK?
BAT BOY'S GONE!
MY ADOPTED SON HAS ESCAPED!
BAT BOY HAS JUST ESCAPED FROM THE SUFFOCATINGLY DOMESTICATED HOME OF HIS NEW "MOM," MARTHA STEWART.
LOOK AT THE HOLE HE MADE IN MY WALL!
HOW COULD HE DO THIS TO ME?!
HOW COULD HE NOT, YOU... CHILD THIEF!
?!? WHY, YOU'RE THAT AWFUL MAN!
DR. RON DILLON'S THE NAME! AND I'VE COME TO RESCUE BAT BOY FROM THIS...DEN OF FEMININITY!
Y-YOU MEAN.. Y-YOU'RE NOT A PLASTIC SURGEON?
W-WELL, I DO HAVE A MEDICAL DEGREE.
P-PLEASE DON'T SUE ME, MS. O'DONNELL.
SUE? WHY, YOU'RE A MIRACLE WORKER!
I LOOK JUST LIKE TOM CRUISE NOW!
CAN YOU MAKE ME LOOK LIKE DENZEL?
I WANNA BE A "HOTTIE" TOO!

MARTHA STEWART AND HER TWO LADY PALS, OPRAH AND ROSIE, ARE ALL PLEASED AS PUNCH WITH THEIR NEW, SURGICALLY MODIFIED KISSERS..
NOW THAT I LOOK LIKE TOM CRUISE, I CAN HARDLY STAND MY OWN HUNKINESS!
I DECIDED TO GO RETRO WITH MY SEAN CONNERY LOOK!
I WENT WITH DENZEL, BUT NOW I WISH I OPTED FOR BILLY D. WILLIAMS.
—HEY! WHERE'D DR. RON GO?
WE NEVER GOT TO THANK HIM!
HE'S THE NEW PLASTIC SURGEON TO THE STARS!
PLUS I WANT A RE-MAKEOVER!
I'VE GOT TO FIND BAT BOY!
HE MUST BE SCARED, COLD AND MISERABLE BY NOW!
MEANWHILE, DEEP IN A CAVE IN WEST VIRGINIA
ZZZZZZZz..
SOMEWHERE IN WEST VIRGINIA...
HMMMM... BAT BOY APPEARS TO'VE HEADED STRAIGHT BACK TO THE VERY CAVE I FIRST DISCOVERED HIM IN...
.. AND THERE, HE IS!
BAT BOY! IT'S ME! DR. RON!
SKREE?
-SKREEE!
NICE TO SEE YOU TOO, LI'L FELLAH!
LEAP!
HELLO? IS ANYONE THERE?
?!
?!? WHO COULD THAT BE?
IN A CAVE IN WEST VIRGINIA, AN UNLIKELY ENCOUNTER IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE..
BAT BOY? DR. RON? IS THAT YOU?
W-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
?!? RALPH NADER?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE?!
I MEAN NO HARM..
I SIMPLY WANT TO MAKE BAT BOY A PROPOSITION...
?
...HOW WOULD LIKE TO BE MY PRESIDENTIAL RUNNING MATE?
DEEP IN A CAVE IN OL' WEST VIRGINIA, RALPH NADER IS NEGOTIATING WITH BAT BOY OVER HIS BEING A POTENTIAL RUNNING MATE!
YOU MAY NOT KNOW THIS, BAT BOY, BUT MY PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN ISN'T GOING TOO WELL...
YA DON'T SAY!
MEANWHILE, THE LATEST POLLS SHOW THAT YOU'RE THE MOST POPULAR PUBLIC FIGURE IN AMERICAN HISTORY!
THAT'S WHY I NEED YOU, BAT BOY!
SO WHAT DO YOU SAY?
SKREE SKWEE SKOOWIE
?!? WHAT'D HE SAY?
BAT-O-MATIC 3000 BAT TRANSLATOR
HE SAID HE'D DO IT
...BUT ONLY IF HE HEADS THE TICKET
WHAT?!
OH, OKAY..
SIGH
NEXT: BAT BOY FOR PRESIDENT!

WEEKLY WORLD NEWS
IT'S A LANDSLIDE! BAT BOY ELECTED PRESIDENT!
WINS IN SPITE OF RUNNINGMATE RALPH NADER!
BUSH, KERRY JOIN IN A BI-PARTISAN CONNIPTION FIT!
BACK AT BAT BOY'S CAVE, THE PRESIDENT ELECT AND HIS V.P. GET DOWN TO BUSINESS...
...IT'S TIME WE GET TO WORK ON OUR LEGISLATIVE AGENDA, STARTING WITH
?
MANDATORY SEAT BELTS FOR PEDESTRIANS!
AIR BAGS ON ALL SKAKE-BOARDS!
SAFETY HELMETS FOR HOUSE PETS!
?!?
SKREE! SKREE!
WHAT DID HE SAY?
TO DO LIST
THAT YOU'RE FIRED.
NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT BAT BOY HAS JUST FIRED VICE PREZ RALPH NADER, AND NOW HE MUST FIND A REPLACEMENT...
..HOW ABOUT AL GORE?
HE'S ALWAYS BEEN PRO-SCIENCE...
SKREEP
NO? WELL, HOW ABOUT—
SKREE! SKREE!
—LINDSAY LOHAN?!? YOU WANT HER TO BE YOUR VICE PRESIDENT?
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!
HER BOOBS LOOK FAKE!
SKREE!
LINDSAY LOHAN:
AMERICA'S #1 SWEETHE
HMMM.. THEN AGAIN, SHE IS AMERICA'S #1 SWEETHEART...
I SUPPOSE SHE'LL DO...
SKWEE!
HOP! HOP! HOP!
WISE CHOICE, BAT BOY!
PRESIDENT-ELECT BAT BOY CALLS A PRESS CONFERENCE TO PRESENT HIS NEW CABINET APPOINTEES...
..LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ALLOW US TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE CUTEST, SASSIEST, MOST VIVACIOUS CABINET EVER.
VICE PRESIDENT LINDSAY LOHAN..
THIS IS MY MOST CHALLENGING ROLE EVER!
SECRETARY OF STATE HILLARY DUFF..
I'M FOR, LIKE, PEACE N' STUFF!
SECRETARY OF DEFENSE LIL' KIM.
TAKE THAT, AL QAEDA!
BAM!
TREASURY SECRETARY BEYONCÉ...
SHOW ME THE BLING BLING!
..AND SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR CHRISTINA AGUILERA!
SAVE THE CRITTERS! ≈SOB≈
BUT, MR PRESIDENT..
..WHAT ABOUT A FIRST LADY?
OOOPS! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT
OOH! OOH! PICK ME! PICK ME!
NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT BAT BOY HAS MOVED INTO THE WHITE HOUSE, WHERE HE'S IMMEDIATELY FACED WITH HIS FIRST CRISIS..
..THERE'S A LONG LINE OF WOMEN OUTSIDE, EAGER FOR YOU TO PICK THEM TO BE THE NEXT FIRST LADY.
MEANWHILE, YOUR SCOURING THOSE TEEN MAGAZINES FOR A SUITABLE CANDIDATE ISN'T HELPING MATTERS!
BEING A FIRST LADY IS AN IMPORTANT JOB, BAT BOY!
SKWEE?
FOR ONE THING, SHE HAS TO SERVE AS HOSTESS FOR ALL WHITE HOUSE EVENTS.
LOOK NO FURTHER, THEN!
OH NO! NOT MARTHA STEWART AGAIN!
AS BAT BOY'S LEGAL GUARDIAN — AND AS AMERICA'S FOREMOST HOSTESS WITH THE MOST-ESS — I INSIST THAT I SERVE AS HIS FIRST LADY!
SAY WHAT?!
?!?



IN THE OFFICE OF NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT BAT BOY, MARTHA STEWART DEMANDS TO SERVE AS HER "SON'S" FIRST LADY
BAT BOY IS WAY TOO YOUNG TO GET MARRIED...
IN FACT, HE'S TOO YOUNG TO BE PRESIDENT!
YOU DON'T KNOW THAT!
NO ONE KNOWS FOR SURE HOW OLD BAT BOY REALLY IS!
WHEEE!
HE'S STILL PREPUBES-CENT!
BUT I WON'T MAKE AN ISSUE OF IT— OR OF THE FACT THAT YOU KID-NAPPED HIM —AS LONG AS I GET MY WAY!
I-YI-YI... YOU'VE GOT ME OVER A BARREL...
SO! NOW THAT THAT'S SETTLED, I'M GONNA START SETTING SOME NEW RULES AROUND HERE, THE FIRST BEING...
...NO SWINGING FROM THE CHANDELIERS!
?!?
BAT BOY IS ONCE AGAIN AT THE MERCY OF HIS ADOPTIVE "MOM," MARTHA STEWART, WHO HAS ASSUMED THE JOB OF WHITE HOUSE HOSTESS AND SURROGATE FIRST LADY...
STRAIGHTEN YOUR TIE, MR PRESIDENT.
YOU NEED TO LOOK YOUR BEST WHEN YOU INTRODUCE YANNI AT YOUR INAUGURAL BALL.
PFFT!
"YANNI"! UGH!
WHY, IT'S BAT BOY'S SECRETARY OF DEFENSE, LI'L KIM, DOING A BIT OF EVESDROPPING.
THIS INAUGURAL BALL IS GONNA SUCK!
THAT OLD LADY IS WACK!
I SHOULD HAVE HER JOB. THIS DEFENSE GIG JUST DON'T CUT IT!
OOH! THE OLD BATTLE AXE IS FINALLY LEAVING...
NOW'S MY CHANCE!
'SCUSE THE INTRUSION, MR PRESIDENT, BUT THE IRS FOUND A FEW RED FLAGS IN MS. STEWART'S INCOME TAX RETURNS.
?
?!? WHAT'S HER GAME?
SECRETARY OF DEFENSE LIL' KIM PROPOSES A WAY FOR PRESIDENT BAT BOY TO BE FREE OF HIS "FIRST LADY," MARTHA STEWART, ONCE AND FOR ALL...
THESE DOCUMENTS SHOW THAT SHE CONTRIB-UTED TO A CHARITY IN BAGDAD, FLORIDA—WHICH SOUNDS A LOT LIKE ANOTHER BAGHDAD, IFYOUKNOWWHATI'MSAYIN'.
?
TOP SECRET
COUPLE 'DAT WIT' HER HAVIN' A PRIOR RECORD, AND WE'RE TALKIN' ENEMY COMBATANT.
WE'RE TALKIN' A LIFETIME OF LEGAL LIMBO, YOU DIG?
TOP SECRET
AND SO...
I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK TO GITMO!
THE CLIMATE THERE WREAKS HAVOC ON MY COMPLEXION!
I WANT MY LAWYER!
NO LAWYER FOR YOU, YOU TERRORIST!
VICE PRESIDENT LINDSAY LOHAN SHARES HER CONCERNS WITH DR. RON...
EVER SINCE MARTHA STEWART WAS ARRESTED, DEFENSE SECRETARY LIL' KIM HAS BEEN MONOPOLIZING ALL OF PRESIDENT BAT BOY'S TIME.
I THINK SHE'S VYING TO BE THE NEXT FIRST LADY!
HMMM. THAT'S NOT GOOD.
NOTHING PERSONAL, BUT I'M AFRAID MS. KIM LACKS THE, UH, PROPER DECORUM THAT POSITION REQUIRES.
I COULDN'T AGREE MORE.
BESIDES, I WANT THAT JOB FOR MYSELF!
YO, CHECK IT OUT! I TAUGHT BAT BOY HOW TO TALK!
YOU WHAT?
BUT HOW?!
IT WAS EASY!
GO ON, SLIM, SHOW 'EM HOW IT'S DONE!
WUZZUP, DAWGS!
?!
AND STAY OUT!
?!
BOOT



"BAT BOY" WILL CONTINUE IN NEXT YEAR'S HATE ANNUAL #6!

For more infomation, visit www.presspop.com

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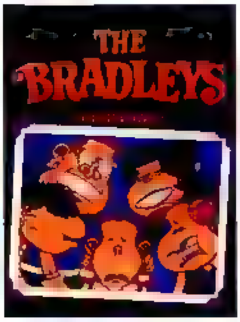

THE BRADLEYS

Finally back in print, all the original 1980s "Neat Stuff" Bradleys stories from when Buddy was just a miserable teenage punk.
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The Bagge bargain of the century. All the Buddy stories from *Hate* #1-15 in one power-packed collection, with a new Bagge interview as a bonus!
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Fun With Buddy & Lisa Where Buddy gets WAY too involved with his psychotic girlfriend Lisa. Scary yet funny! **Hard/signed ONLY: $37.00**

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Buddy Go Home Collects the first five full-color issues of *Hate* (#'s 16-20), in which Buddy and Lisa move back to New Jersey like a couple of idiots. **Full-color 128-page softcover: $19.00**
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NEAT STUFF

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32-page comics: NS #1, 5, 6, 9, 12, 15

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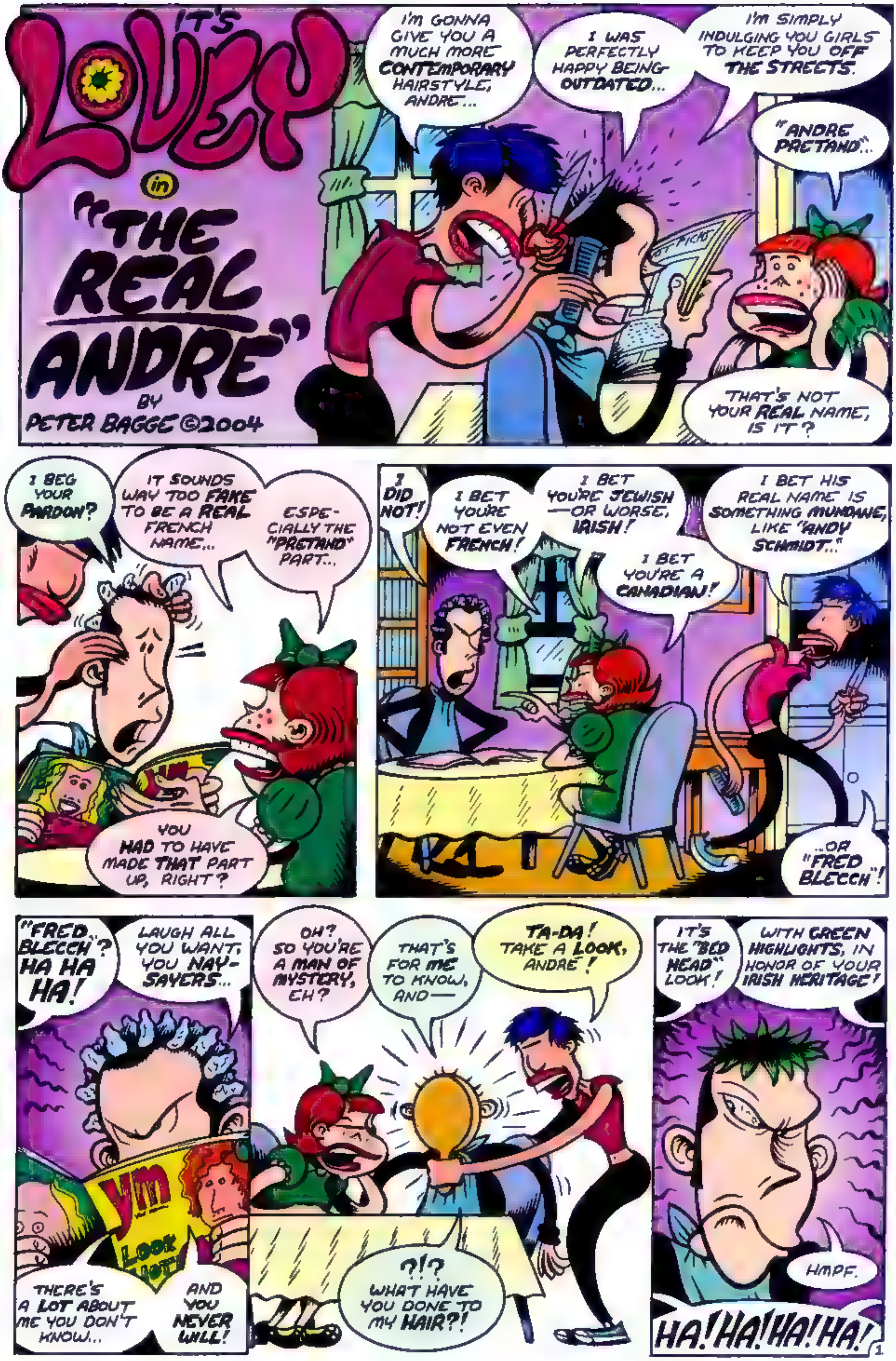
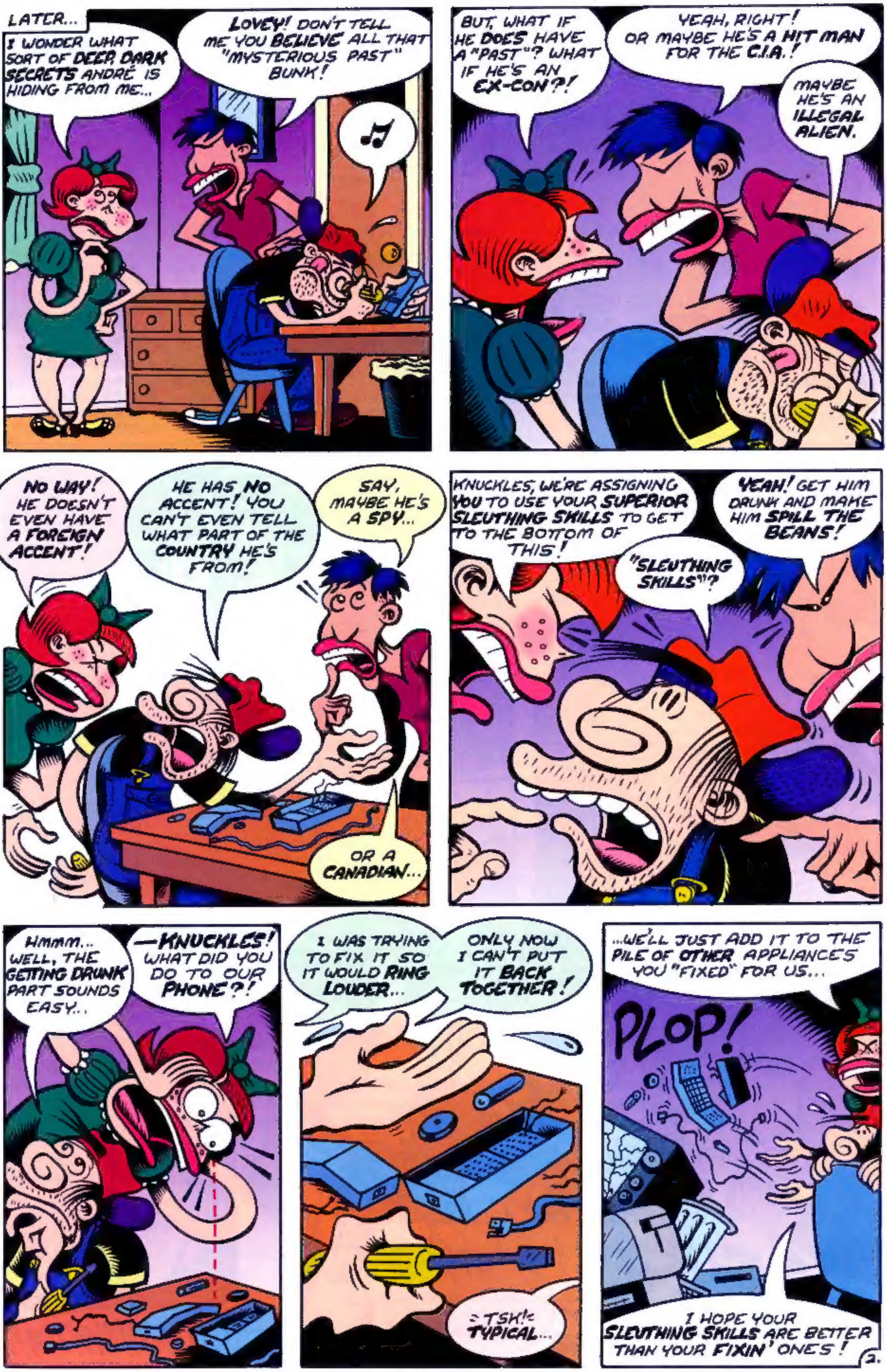
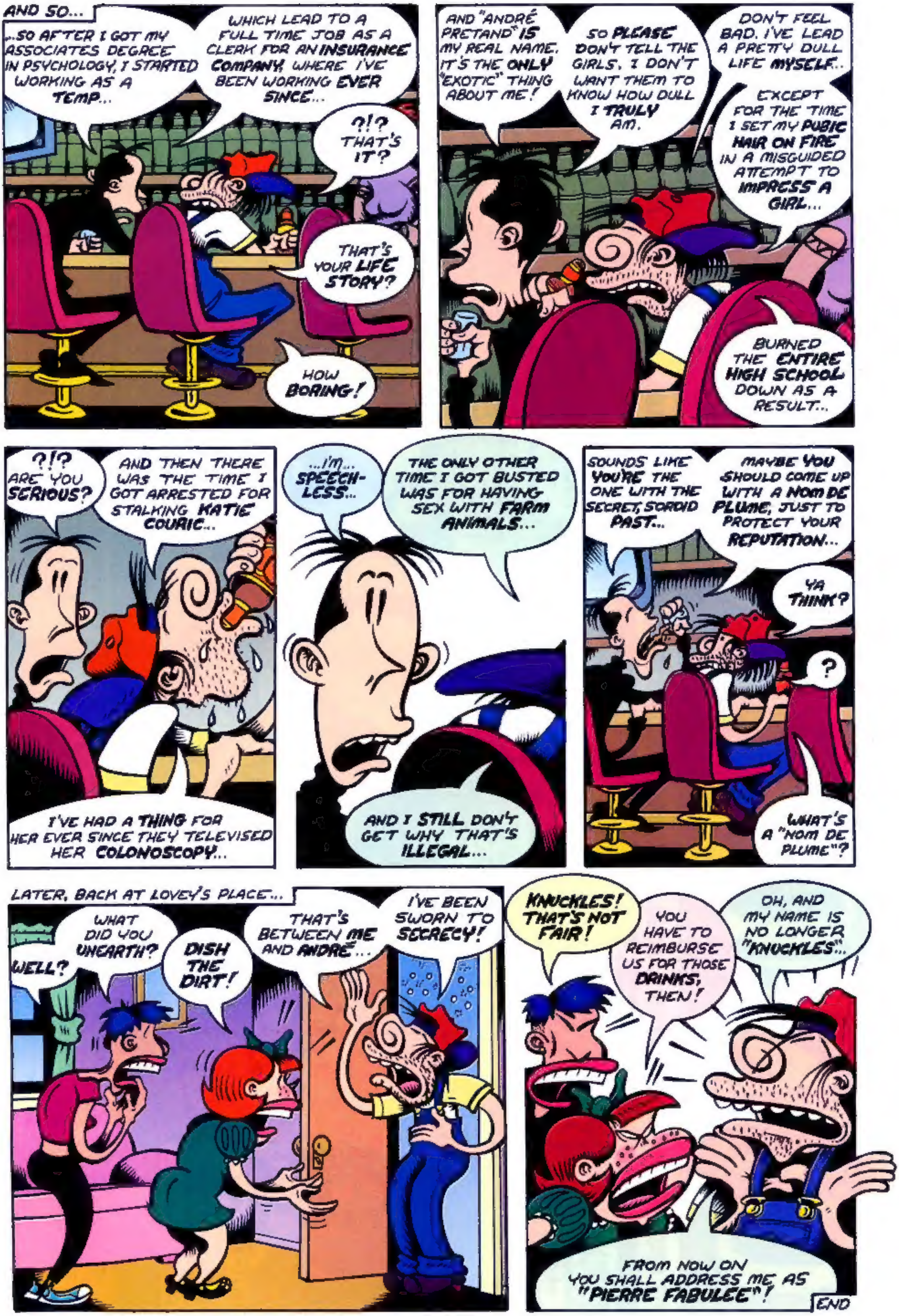
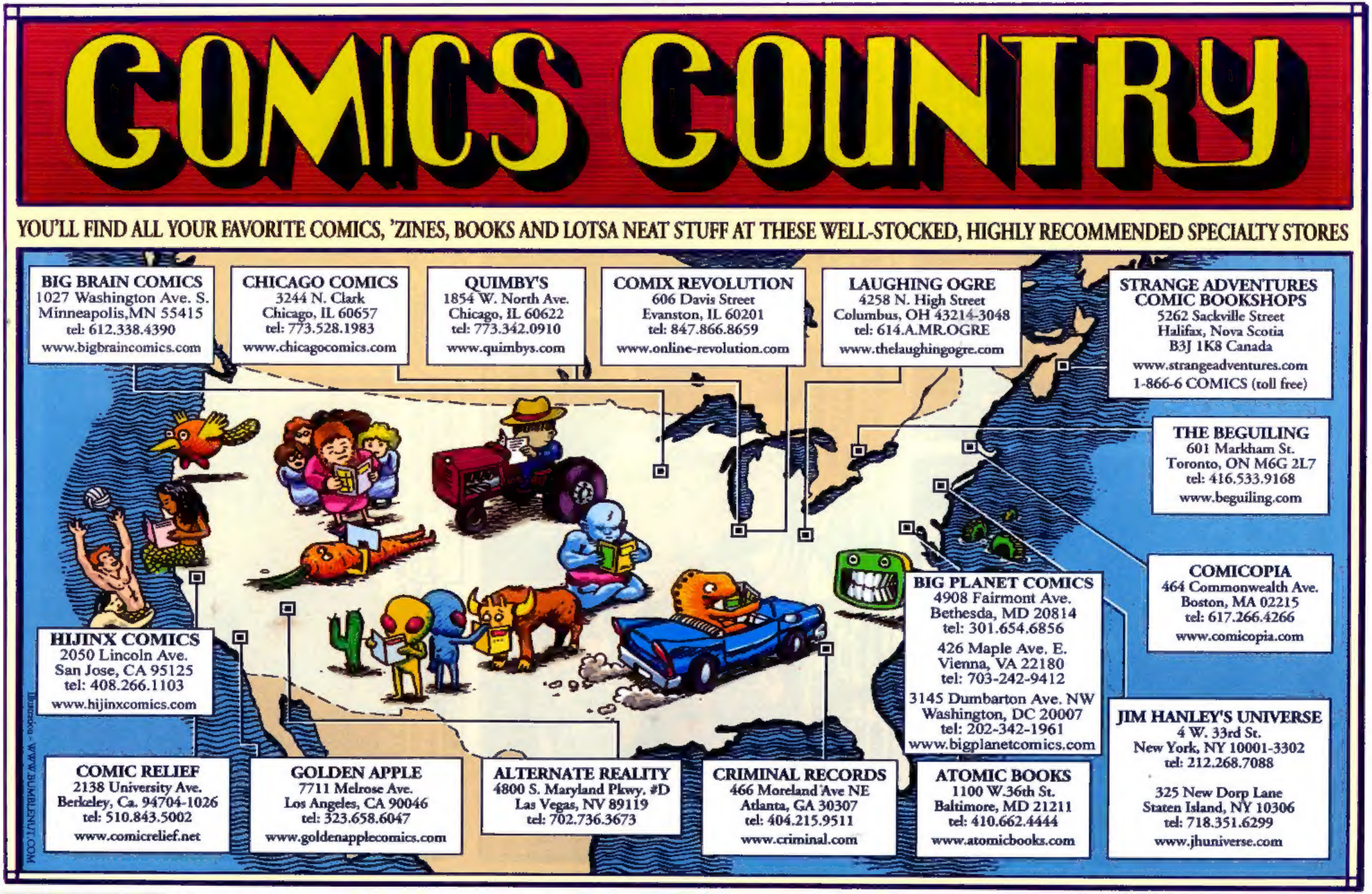

IT'S LOVEY
in
"THE REAL ANDRE"
BY PETER BAGGE ©2004
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A MUCH MORE CONTEMPORARY HAIRSTYLE, ANDRE...
I WAS PERFECTLY HAPPY BEING OUTDATED...
I'M SIMPLY INDULGING YOU GIRLS TO KEEP YOU OFF THE STREETS.
"ANDRE PRETAND"...
THAT'S NOT YOUR REAL NAME, IS IT?
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
IT SOUNDS WAY TOO FAKE TO BE A REAL FRENCH NAME...
ESPECIALLY THE "PRETAND" PART...
YOU HAD TO HAVE MADE THAT PART UP, RIGHT?
I DID NOT!
I BET YOU'RE NOT EVEN FRENCH!
I BET YOU'RE JEWISH —OR WORSE, IRISH!
I BET YOU'RE A CANADIAN!
I BET HIS REAL NAME IS SOMETHING MUNDANE, LIKE "ANDY SCHMIDT..."
...OR "FRED BLECCH"!
"FRED BLECCH"? HA HA HA!
LAUGH ALL YOU WANT, YOU NAY-SAYERS...
THERE'S A LOT ABOUT ME YOU DON'T KNOW...
AND YOU NEVER WILL!
OH? SO YOU'RE A MAN OF MYSTERY, EH?
THAT'S FOR ME TO KNOW, AND—
TA-DA! TAKE A LOOK, ANDRE!
?!? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY HAIR?!
IT'S THE "BED HEAD" LOOK!
WITH GREEN HIGHLIGHTS, IN HONOR OF YOUR IRISH HERITAGE!
HMPF.
HA! HA! HA! HA!


LATER...
I WONDER WHAT SORT OF DEEP, DARK SECRETS ANDRÉ IS HIDING FROM ME...
LOVEY! DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE ALL THAT "MYSTERIOUS PAST" BUNK!
♫
BUT, WHAT IF HE DOES HAVE A "PAST"? WHAT IF HE'S AN EX-CON?!
YEAH, RIGHT! OR MAYBE HE'S A HIT MAN FOR THE C.I.A.!
MAYBE HE'S AN ILLEGAL ALIEN.
NO WAY! HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A FOREIGN ACCENT!
HE HAS NO ACCENT! YOU CAN'T EVEN TELL WHAT PART OF THE COUNTRY HE'S FROM!
SAY, MAYBE HE'S A SPY...
OR A CANADIAN...
KNUCKLES, WE'RE ASSIGNING YOU TO USE YOUR SUPERIOR SLEUTHING SKILLS TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!
"SLEUTHING SKILLS"?
YEAH! GET HIM DRUNK AND MAKE HIM SPILL THE BEANS!
HMMM... WELL, THE GETTING DRUNK PART SOUNDS EASY...
—KNUCKLES! WHAT DID YOU DO TO OUR PHONE?!
I WAS TRYING TO FIX IT SO IT WOULD RING LOUDER...
ONLY NOW I CAN'T PUT IT BACK TOGETHER!
=TSK!= TYPICAL...
...WE'LL JUST ADD IT TO THE PILE OF OTHER APPLIANCES YOU "FIXED" FOR US...
PLOP!
I HOPE YOUR SLEUTHING SKILLS ARE BETTER THAN YOUR FIXIN' ONES!
2.


AND SO...
...SO AFTER I GOT MY ASSOCIATES DEGREE IN PSYCHOLOGY, I STARTED WORKING AS A TEMP...
WHICH LEAD TO A FULL TIME JOB AS A CLERK FOR AN INSURANCE COMPANY, WHERE I'VE BEEN WORKING EVER SINCE...
?!? THAT'S IT?
THAT'S YOUR LIFE STORY?
HOW BORING!
AND "ANDRÉ PRETAND" IS MY REAL NAME. IT'S THE ONLY "EXOTIC" THING ABOUT ME!
SO PLEASE DON'T TELL THE GIRLS. I DON'T WANT THEM TO KNOW HOW DULL I TRULY AM.
DON'T FEEL BAD. I'VE LEAD A PRETTY DULL LIFE MYSELF..
EXCEPT FOR THE TIME I SET MY PUBIC HAIR ON FIRE IN A MISGUIDED ATTEMPT TO IMPRESS A GIRL...
BURNED THE ENTIRE HIGH SCHOOL DOWN AS A RESULT...
?!? ARE YOU SERIOUS?
AND THEN THERE WAS THE TIME I GOT ARRESTED FOR STALKING KATIE COURIC...
I'VE HAD A THING FOR HER EVER SINCE THEY TELEVISED HER COLONOSCOPY...
...I'M... SPEECHLESS...
THE ONLY OTHER TIME I GOT BUSTED WAS FOR HAVING SEX WITH FARM ANIMALS...
AND I STILL DON'T GET WHY THAT'S ILLEGAL...
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE THE ONE WITH THE SECRET, SORDID PAST...
MAYBE YOU SHOULD COME UP WITH A NOM DE PLUME, JUST TO PROTECT YOUR REPUTATION...
YA THINK?
?
WHAT'S A "NOM DE PLUME"?
LATER, BACK AT LOVEY'S PLACE...
WELL?
WHAT DID YOU UNEARTH?
DISH THE DIRT!
THAT'S BETWEEN ME AND ANDRÉ...
I'VE BEEN SWORN TO SECRECY!
KNUCKLES! THAT'S NOT FAIR!
YOU HAVE TO REIMBURSE US FOR THOSE DRINKS, THEN!
OH, AND MY NAME IS NO LONGER "KNUCKLES"...
FROM NOW ON YOU SHALL ADDRESS ME AS "PIERRE FABULEE"!
END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